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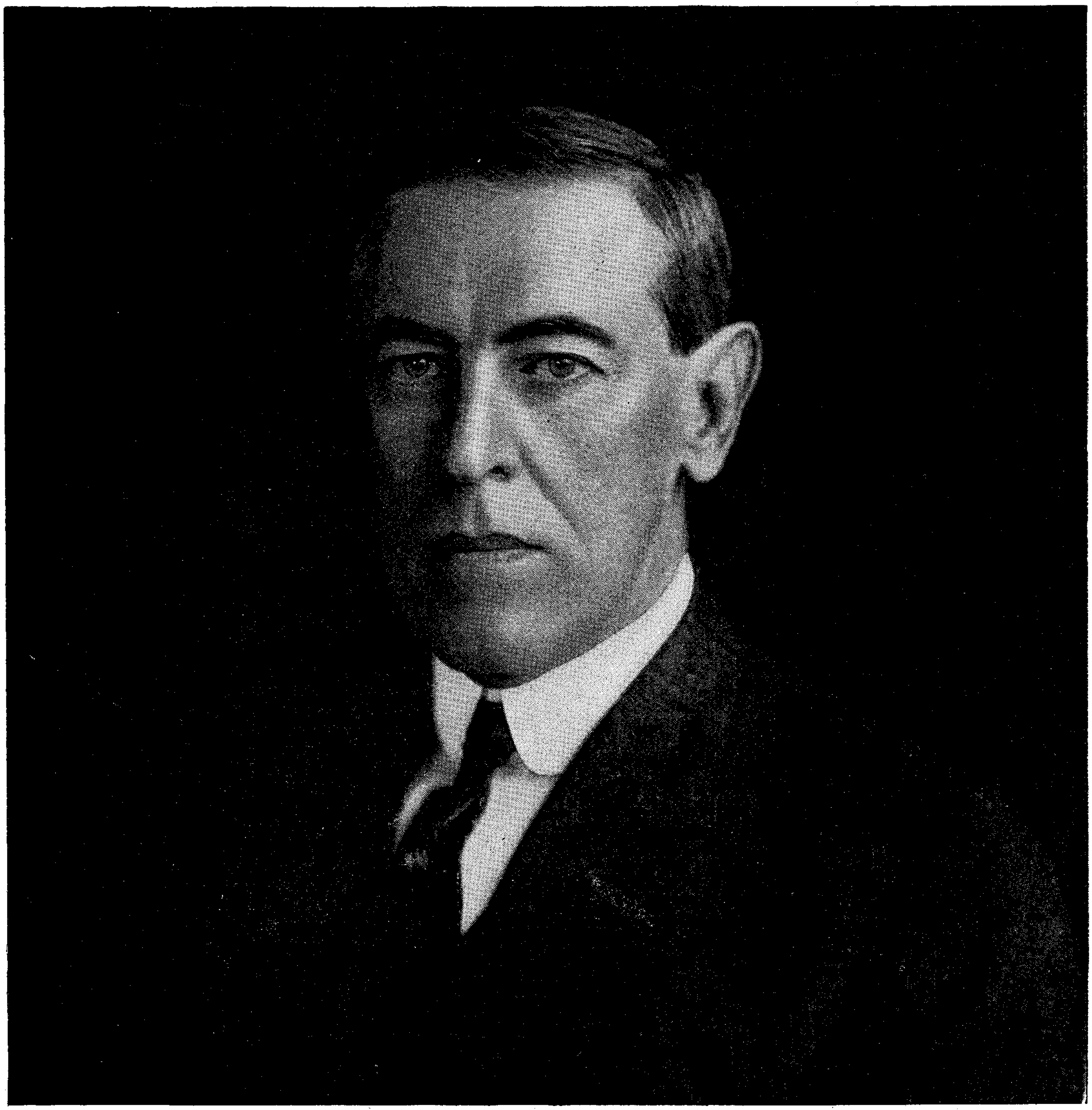

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THE NEXT PRESIDENT

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DEMOCRACY'S RETURN TO POWER

AFTER SIXTEEN YEARS of Republican control the reins of government pass into the hands of a Democratic President supported by an overwhelmingly Democratic House and a Senate probably Democratic. Yet at this moment of triumph, when under the leadership of Woodrow Wilson the Democratic party has won its greatest victory in more than half a century, the party press mingle words of sober counsel with their rejoicing. "This victory is no tawdry partizan triumph, no vote of confidence in the Democratic party as a party," declares the New York *World*, one of Governor Wilson's most influential supporters; "it is a mandate from the people, and wo be unto the leaders of this Democracy if they falter in obedience to this mandate." And the New York *American*, another powerful Democratic organ, reminds its readers that while under Governor Wilson's "errorless and brilliant leadership", the party has won a sweeping victory, "it has won because of a divided opposition." Moreover, says *The American*, "in the very magnitude of the Democratic victory is the measure of the enormous responsibility entailed upon the successful nominee to the party for which he stands." It adds that "if President Wilson proves to be as progressive as a majority of his countrymen, and if the Democratic party is both courageous and constructive, the party will gain a still greater triumph four years from now, and there will be no need of a Progressive party." Turning again to *The World*, we read:

"The country is seething with political discontent in spite of its unparalleled material wealth and prosperity. This discontent is confined to no particular class or section. Rich and poor alike, children of fortune and children of poverty, have begun to lose faith in the efficacy of their Government to establish justice and promote the general welfare. They are not sure where the fault lies; they are not united as to the remedy; but this they know—that their institutions have been seized by privileged interests and turned against them; that subtle, mysterious forces operating unseen have proved time after time that their power over public affairs was greater than the power of the people as a whole, and they demand that their Government be emancipated from this partnership.

"This is the great work that confronts Woodrow Wilson and the Democratic party—to restore popular confidence in the institutions of the Republic and reestablish a government of the people, by the people, and for the people."

At the same time, says *The World*, the party's opportunity is as great as its responsibility, since it has in Governor Wilson a man whose character, ideals, and ability have captured the imagination of the country. "No man has ever been elevated to the Presidency," it declares, "who was more fully the people's President than this college professor who scorned alike the support of the bosses and the support of plutocracy." In a telegram to Mr. McCombs, his first published utterance after his election was announced, Governor Wilson wrote: "Every Democrat, every true progressive of whatever alliance, must now lend his whole force and enthusiasm to the fulfilment of the people's hopes, the establishment of the people's rights, so that justice and progress may go hand in hand." And a few minutes later, addressing a body of Princeton students, he said:

"I have no feeling of triumph to-night, but a feeling of solemn responsibility. . . . . . .

"Wrongs have been done, but they have not been done malevolently. We must have the quietest temper in what we are going to do. We must not let any man divert us. We must have quiet temper and yet be resolute of purpose. But let us hear them all patiently, and yet, hearing all, let us not be diverted.

"I know what you want, and we will not accomplish it through a single man nor a single session of the houses of Congress, but by long processes running through the next generation."

Some idea of the strength of Democracy's present position can be gathered from the following concise statement in the New York *Press* (Prog.):

"The Democratic sweep takes in nearly every northern State east of the Ohio River and all of the South. It gives to the Democratic party entire control of Congress for at least two years. It gives to the Democrats the Governors of more than two-thirds of the States in the Union. It gives to them the Legislatures of more than two-thirds of the States. There is nothing to prevent the Democrats from carrying out all the legislation which they desire, either through Congress or through the Legislatures of a majority of the States."

Turning to a Republican paper, we find the New York *Tribune*, an Administration organ, declaring that "Mr. Taft in his defeat may justly feel satisfaction in having achieved something greater than a reelection." It goes on to say:

"He has stood faithful to principle. He has held the Republican party true to its noble traditions. He has prevented the judicial power of the country from being made subservient to the changing whims of temporary majorities. He has preserved to the powerless the guarantees of personal liberty against the tyranny of passion. He has moved serene amid misrepresentation and abuse, discharging his duty as he saw it and refusing to do anything for spectacular political effect at a time when demagogy was in demand. He will turn over to his successor the administration of a country whose laws were never before so well enforced, whose expenditures have been cut down, whose governmental methods have been systematized and made unprecedentedly efficient, whose general prosperity and happiness are at a high pitch. His trust is faithfully discharged."

Much interest attaches to the fact that Colonel Roosevelt, while failing to reach the goal in the presidential race, nevertheless left the Republican candidate far behind. As a result of the large Progressive vote polled, says the New York *Press* (Prog.), this new party, born only three months ago, becomes "no longer a name, but an American governmental institution that will long endure." Of its influence in Congress we read further:

"The Progressives in the United States Senate now have the power and rank of the second political party to reward them for their unflagging devotion. Into the House of Representatives there comes a swarm of Progressives to challenge the swollen majority of the same Democratic Congress that voted a policy of naval scuttle and plans a program of industrial reaction."

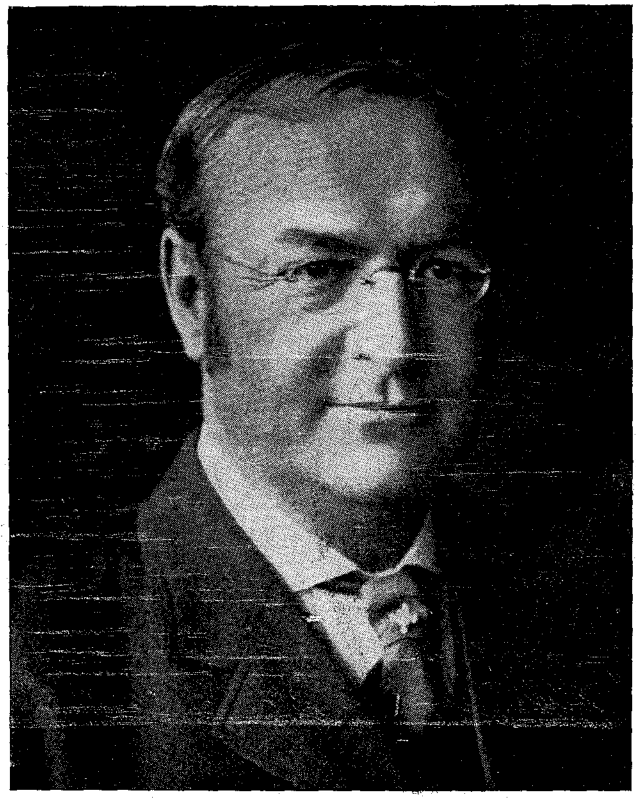
Mr. Roosevelt, *The Press* goes on to say, "has achieved the practical extinction of one of the old parties, and he has, in the popular judgment, accomplished the practical regeneration of the other." The latter claim is based on the theory that fear of Colonel Roosevelt's candidacy forced the Democrats to nominate a progressive like Governor Wilson instead of a reactionary such as the bosses would have preferred. Henceforth, predicts *The Press*, "the two parties before the people will be the Democratic party and the Progressive party." Colonel Roosevelt himself is quoted in the New York *Sun* (Ind.) as declaring, since the election, that the Progressive party will be the party of the future and that it will be in control of the National Committee and of the national convention in 1916. The following statement was issued by Gifford Pinchot:

"The Progressive party has established its position. In a campaign of three months it has won its place in the front rank. Nothing like it has been done before. This is the first victory. We are going ahead to the end without breaking our stride. We can not be checked for long, and we can not be stopt at all, for we are all fighting for the one thing that always wins in the end—the progress of mankind."

The anti-Roosevelt papers, on the other hand, can see in the achievement of the new party nothing but a work of destruction.

JAMES SCHOOLCRAFT SHERMAN

While the Progressive hosts in Madison Square Garden were listening to the first public utterance of Theodore Roosevelt after the shooting in Milwaukee, newsboys made their way into the building with "extras" announcing the death of Vice-President Sherman. So, as the Baltimore *Sun* observes, before it had recovered from the shock of the attempt upon Mr. Roosevelt's life, the country was called upon to "mourn the passing of the Vice-President almost upon the eve of the most important election of a generation." We find little inclination on the part of the press to disagree with President Taft's characterization of his friend and running-mate: "Those who knew him loved him; those who knew the services he rendered to his country respected him." The personal kindliness and geniality of the man, which account for the sobriquet, "Sunny Jim," are recalled by political friends and foes. His parliamentary abilities and his success in presiding over the deliberations of the Senate are conceded on all sides. In his active political career, beginning with his election as Mayor of Utica, at the age of twenty-nine, Mr. Sherman was, we are reminded, a conservative, and a rock-ribbed Republican.



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JAMES S. SHERMAN,

Whose death leaves the Vice-Presidency vacant until March 4.

James S. Sherman enjoyed the distinction, so several editors remind us, of being the first Vice-President in several decades to be honored with a renomination, the seventh in the history of the country. Indeed, says the New York *Tribune*,

> "From its entry into national politics in 1856 until this year the Republican party had never renominated a Vice-President, and it was a striking tribute to Mr. Sherman's political availability, as well as to the strong affection in which he had always been held by his party associates, that his selection to make the race a second time with Mr. Taft was accomplished over the resistance of a firmly established party habit."

Mr. Sherman was also the seventh Vice-President to die in office, and the first national candidate of an important political party to die between his nomination and the date set for election. Our older readers will no doubt recollect that the death of Horace Greeley, in 1872, came shortly after his defeat in the general election, but before the meeting of the electors. Some newspaper apprehensions as to possible electoral complications have been set at rest by the announcement that the Republican National Committee will meet in Chicago on the 12th, to select the man for whom the chosen Republican electors will cast their ballots. Until March 4 next the office of Vice-President will, of course, remain vacant. Mr. Sherman's duties as President of the Senate will devolve upon whomever the Senate may choose as president *pro tempore*. In the case of death or inability of the President, Secretary of State Knox would succeed to the office for the remainder of the present term.

From those papers which looked with favor upon the Taft-Sherman ticket come eulogies of Mr. Sherman's long and honorable public career. "He was conspicuous as a politician, gifted as a parliamentarian, devoted as a partizan," says the New York *Sun*. In Washington, where he had been an increasingly prominent figure for twenty-five years *The Star* speaks of the late Vice-President in words written just before his death:

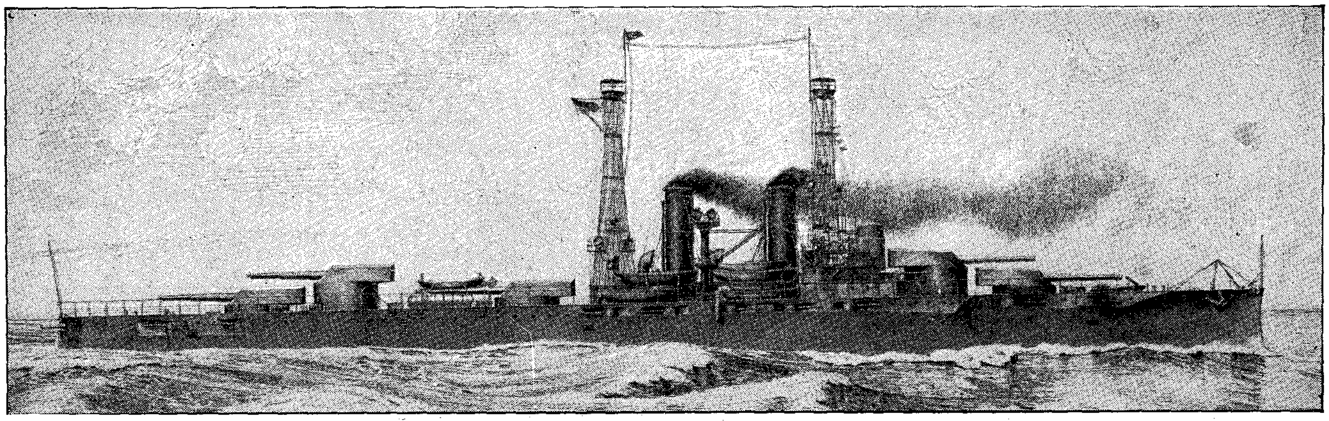
> "Bringing to it large equipment as parliamentarian and legislator, he has presided over the Senate with full understanding of the business in hand, and therefore without the need of prompting. He has relieved the proceedings of the chamber of what has more than once been an embarrassing spectacle there, of a presiding officer unfamiliar with his duties and in leading strings to a subordinate at the desk. With the gavel in Mr. Sherman's hands business has been transacted with satisfaction and dispatch."

The more important facts in the life of the late Vice-President may be summed briefly as follows:

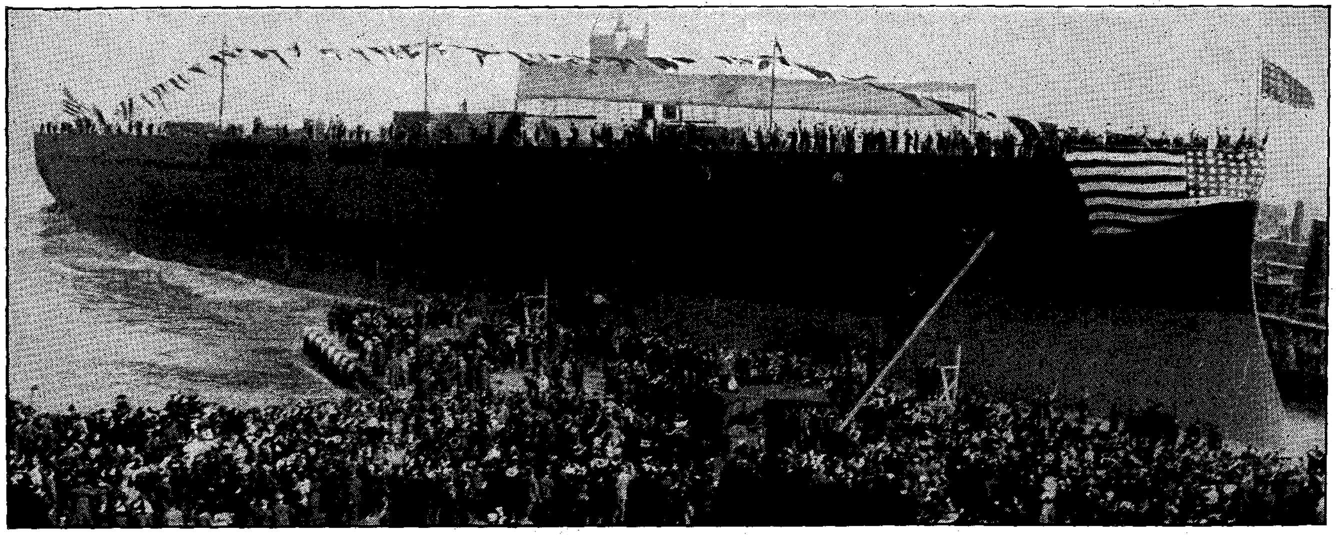
James Schoolcraft Sherman was born in Utica, N. Y., October 24, 1855. He was graduated from Hamilton College in 1878, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1880. He at once entered politics and was elected Mayor of the city in 1884. In 1886 he was elected to Congress, and with the exception of a single term remained in the House until he was elected Vice-President on the Republican ticket in 1908. He was again chosen to run with Mr. Taft at the Chicago convention last June. He was a prominent figure in New York State Republican politics, presided at several State conventions, and had charge of the National Republican Congressional Campaign in 1906. In 1910 he was defeated for the temporary chairmanship of the New York State Republican convention by Theodore Roosevelt. In Congress, where he was an important ally of Speaker Reed and later of Speaker Cannon, his most important work was done as chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs. Both in the House and later in the Senate his personal popularity was great. Mr. Sherman's home was in Utica, where he had important business and banking interests. He is survived by a widow and three sons.

GROWING USE OF LIQUOR AND TOBACCO—Once more temperance workers and antitobacco crusaders are greeted with discouraging news from the United States Commissioner of Internal Revenue. This time Mr. Cabell sends out the information that during the three months of July, August, and September, 1912, we, as a nation, smoked 3,800,000,000 cigarets, an increase of 1,000,000,000 over the corresponding period last year; drank 33,150,000 gallons of whisky, an increase of 450,000; smoked 1,950,000,000 cigars; and drank 19,800,000 barrels of beer, an increase of 320,000 barrels. Upon which facts, as set forth in the daily press. the New York *World* moralizes editorially as follows:

> "This increased addiction to liquors and tobacco has occurred in spite of a prohibition sentiment which has found expression in recent years in much new compulsory abstinence legislation on statute books, as well as in the regulations of railroad and industrial corporations, and in the face of a notable extension of the agitation against smoking in public places. No doubt the



THE *NEW YORK* AS SHE WILL LOOK WHEN COMPLETED.



AS SHE LOOKS NOW.

fundamental cause of the increase in both cases is the possession by the public of more money to spend for intoxicants and tobacco."

OUR NEWEST SUPERDREADNOUGHT

SUPREME for the moment among fighting-ships, the new superdreadnought *New York*, launched at the Brooklyn Navy Yard last week, is already overshadowed in the press comment by anticipations of the bigger and stronger craft planned here and abroad. Congress, at its last session, following the suggestion of Senator Tillman, authorized the laying down of a war-ship to surpass anything ever built, to be of 31,000 tons displacement, and to have twelve 14-inch guns; and hardly are the specifications of this new ship—the *Pennsylvania*—semi-officially known before the British Admiralty announces that it will lay down, next December, a battle-ship surpassing even "Tillman's Terror" in both speed and armament. Naval Constructor David W. Taylor, a leading authority, compares the *New York* with the biggest battle-ships already laid down by other countries:

> "Her tonnage is 27,000. The tonnage of the best English ship now under construction is about 25,000. That of the greatest ship Germany has laid down is 26,000.
>
> "The American ship is to carry fourteen-inch guns. The guns of the German ship will be of twelve-inch caliber and the English guns of thirteen-inch caliber.
>
> "The speed of the new foreign battle-ships will be about that of the *New York*, twenty-one knots.
>
> "The American ship carries the best and the thickest armor in the world. On the turrets and the most exposed parts of the vessel the armor of the *New York* is about sixteen inches. That on the vessels laid down by Germany and Great Britain is fourteen inches."

The *New York*, which is 60 per cent. finished, will be 1,000 tons greater in displacement than the superdreadnoughts *Wyoming* and *Arkansas*, and the caliber of her guns is two inches larger. She is 5,000 tons greater than the other Government-built superdreadnought, the *Florida*. The *New York's* sister ship, the *Texas*, launched at Newport News last March, is of practically the same displacement and carries the same sized guns, the only difference between the two craft being in small details.

The first war-ship of this type was the British *Dreadnought*, of 17,500 tons, carrying ten 12-inch guns and making twenty-two knots. England's *Iron Duke*, recently launched, is thus compared in the New York *Tribune* with our new fighter:

> "The *Iron Duke*, which was launched a few weeks ago in English waters, will be of 26,500 tons; the *New York* will be of 27,000. The *Iron Duke* will carry ten 13.5-inch guns; the *New York* will carry ten 14-inch guns. For repelling attacks of the mosquito fleet the *Iron Duke* will have sixteen 6-inch guns; the *New York* will have twenty-one 5-inch guns of 51 calibers. These data are sufficient for demonstration of the superiority of the *New York*. As for other navies, it is enough to observe that Germany has neither in possession nor in promise a single gun of more than 12 inches."

The Tribune says that besides greatly increasing the size of our battle-ships we are probably paying more attention than any other nation to the strengthening of their vitals and turrets. And it adds:

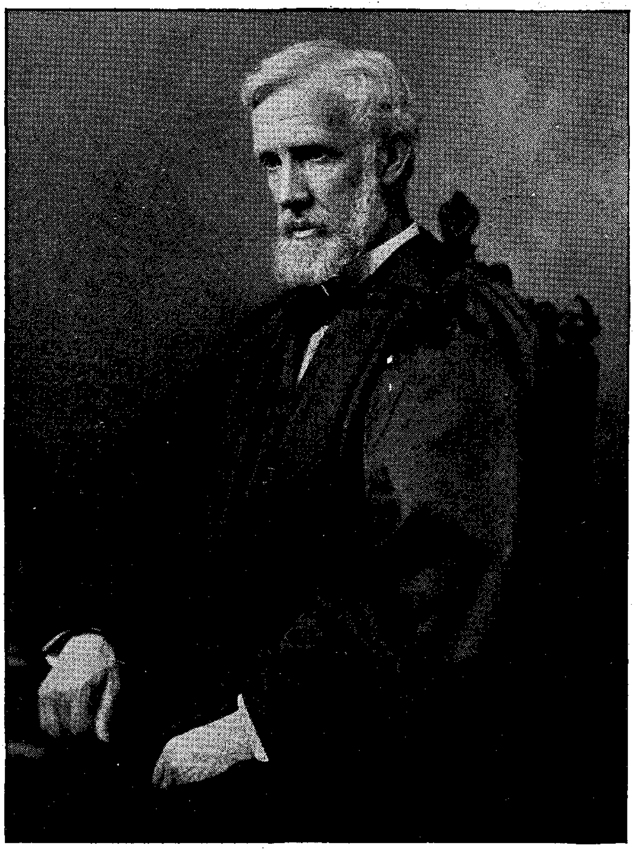
> "The *Nevada* and *Oklahoma*, 27,500 tons, to be launched in 1913, will have side armor of 13 inches, as compared with 11 inches on the *New York* and *Texas*, and the plate on the gun-

turrets of the newer ships will be from 16 to 18 inches, as compared with 8 to 14 inches on the *New York* and *Texas*.

"The *Nevada* and *Oklahoma* will have main batteries of 14-inch guns. The Germans are planning to equip with this gun the *Prince Regent Leopold*, 25,000 tons, which was launched three months before the *Texas*. There is a report that the Japanese battle-ship *Fuso*, of 30,000 tons, laid down in March of this year, will carry twelve 15-inch guns. So the competition goes on swiftly in displacement, gun-power, and armor, and the mind is clouded by the conflicting claims of superiority in type."

EFFECTS OF THE BECKER CONVICTION

THE GLOOM that is said to have settled down upon New York's Tenderloin and to have pervaded its underworld in consequence of the conviction of Police Lieutenant Becker for the murder of Rosenthal, is something that impresses newspaper writers throughout the country. "The citizens of New York felt safer," according to the Boston *Transcript*, when the news was learned, "while its human vampires were looking for haunts of greater secrecy." "The back of the gambling system probably has been broken," is the Washington *Post's* opinion. The Baltimore *Sun* has hopes that the verdict "is but the beginning of a reform that will destroy the system which produced this tragedy." And others, learning the local aspects of the case, welcome its outcome as a "moral victory," a "gratifying vindication of American justice," and a lesson by which the entire nation will benefit, while the Chicago *News* even thinks it "should result in permanent improvement in police administration in American cities." And carrying the thought into a still broader field, the Philadelphia *North American* reminds us that "this is a time of regeneration"—"altho Becker is only a miserable lackey of Special Privilege, the jury's verdict is a reflection of the conviction of Becker's master in the larger jury of public opinion."



JUSTICE JOHN W. GOFF.

Who is generally commended for so handling the Becker case that a jury was chosen and a verdict rendered in fifteen days.

The salutary effects of the conviction of the New York policeman are proclaimed by social workers in Chicago, Baltimore Boston, Pittsburg, and other cities. A typical comment is that of Dr. Graham Taylor, head of the Chicago School of Civics and Philanthropy, who is thus quoted in the New York *Herald:*

"Assuming Becker is guilty, his conviction and severe punishment are absolutely necessary as a warning to lawlessness within the police departments of American cities. There can be no question that there is less discipline and more corruption in the police departments than in any other departments of city government. This is probably due to giving the police discretionary power in enforcing statutory laws as they or the political powers over them desire. We have just such a situation in the segregated district of Chicago. If Becker, who is at once a victim and an exploiter of the system, suffers a severe penalty, it will be taken as a warning by others."

In San Francisco *The Chronicle* is led to remark that the problem of police corruption is a national one:

"New York is not alone in its investigation of conditions affecting the police. Chicago also has a police problem on its hands, the city civil service commission having recommended an immediate reorganization of the force there. And in San Francisco circumstances are constantly compelling the attention of the district attorney and the police commission.

"In all three cities the evidences of corruption or irregularity on the part of members of the police force have been under officials exceptionally clean. . . . . . .

"It seems clear that it is the police system that is largely at fault somewhere. . . . It has been the mysterious, unseen forces in the department which have been stronger than any one at the head of it.

"What is the remedy? That police scandals can be made impossible is not for a moment to be expected. The temptations are too many and too great. Besides the political and administrative corruption of the police, of which we hear much, there are other evils of which we do not hear.

"But that police misconduct can be minimized ought to be possible. In Europe, where the police organizations are either distinctly military or at least semimilitary, there are at times much stupidity and inefficiency, but there are few cases where the police have been accused of actual cooperation with outlaws and criminals. It may yet be found advisable to adopt the European system in this country."

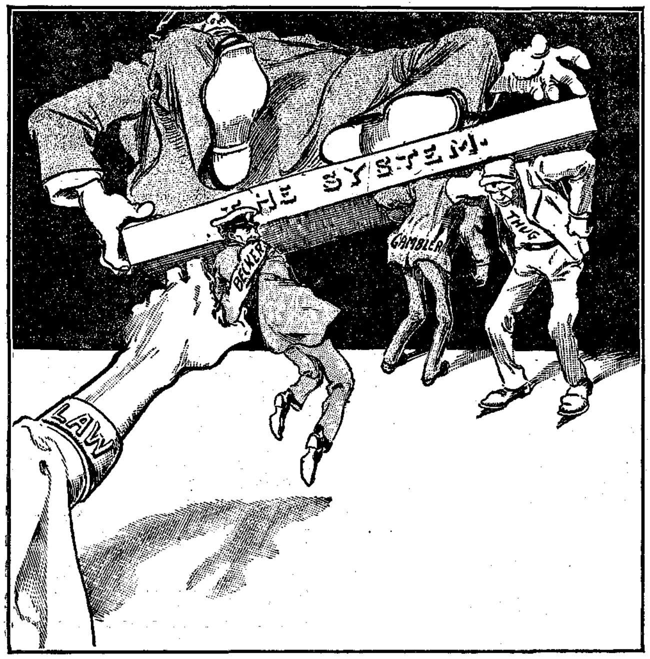
Second thoughts of New York editors turn toward the "stunning blow" given to the "system's" belief "that with the police and the criminals working together, any crime was safe." They tell us that Becker is the first New York policeman ever sentenced to death. They quote no less an authority than Jack Rose, who says: "This case has put an end to gang rule under police protection." But there is still work to be done. "Now for the Gangsters," is *The Sun's* cry. The Becker trial confirmed all the worst fears and suspicions of police wickedness. But now, at last,

"Decent citizenship, aroused to a realizing sense of the plight into which it has been brought by carelessness and indifference, has set in operation that machinery of investigation and retribution which too long lay idle. It has decreed that every trail shall be followed, every misdeed discovered, every malefactor pursued and captured. It has put into the hands of its agents every weapon its abundant power has forged. It has commissioned them to explore, regardless of persons and institutions, every transaction that savors of impropriety. It has pledged itself to support them with every energy it possesses in the task to which they have been called.

"The word gang to-day has a new significance. It includes not merely the desperate and ignorant brutes who do murder for a wage and exist only by toleration of the police. It describes the gamblers who thrive through police corruption, the policemen who fatten on the earnings of crime, the landlords who rent their property for illegal establishments, the dishonest and the inefficient executives who, for profit or through incapacity, permit the gigantic conspiracy of criminals to exist. Collectively these are to-day recognized as the gang. Each stands in the same dock with Becker and his crew of man-killers, his bodyguard of collectors, his train of look-outs and informers. And with them must stand, too, each individual who fails in the duty of contributing whatever is in his power to purify a city whose afflictions none can now deny."

Justice Goff and Mr. Whitman have ably led in the work, and have struck down one enemy of society, declares *The Sun;* "Let them not be troubled by any faltering in the ranks behind them as they lead in the next attack!"

Justice is still on trial, observes the New York *World*, for Becker "has the advantage of a system of judicial procedure in which every trifling technicality seems to work to the advantage of the criminal and against society." Tho Becker has been sentenced to die in the week of December 9, the notice of appeal taken by the defense to the Court of Appeals acts automatically as a stay of judgment. His lawyer, we read in *The World:*



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THE MAIN SUPPORT.

—Mayer in the New York *Times*.

> "must file their records and accompanying briefs within six months. The State is allowed a period for reply briefs, and so it can safely be said the Appeals Court will not be in possession of the papers for nine months. As it is not given a preferred position on the calendar it must take its regular course. This fact, allowing for vacations, will make it about one year and a half before the decision can be made."

Then further, explain the Washington *Star:*

> "If the appeal should be granted and a new trial ordered, that second trial will begin, in all likelihood, not much before the first of the calendar year 1914. Should this in turn go against the prisoner, a second appeal would be made, with a further delay, so that in event of a single reversal no less than two years and a half from the commission of the crime would elapse before execution.
>
> "A man with ample resources is able to prolong the court fight for many months, while the man with low funds is given but a short shrift after his first conviction. Herein lies one of the most grievous evils of our judicial system. There should be no such discrimination, and the surest way to prevent it is to cut down the appeal time as low as possible."

Few new facts have come out since the trial. The story told by Becker after his conviction is not taken very seriously by the press. The District Attorney has new information fastening the actual killing upon the four gun-men. *The World* prints an interesting report—

> "that Becker had paid out of his own money only $5,000 for his defense, the balance having been contributed by friends in the Police Department, who are sharing in the expense in return for the silence Becker is maintaining as to them. Becker has given the money he had in the banks to his wife to protect her, on the assurance that his police friends will protect him."

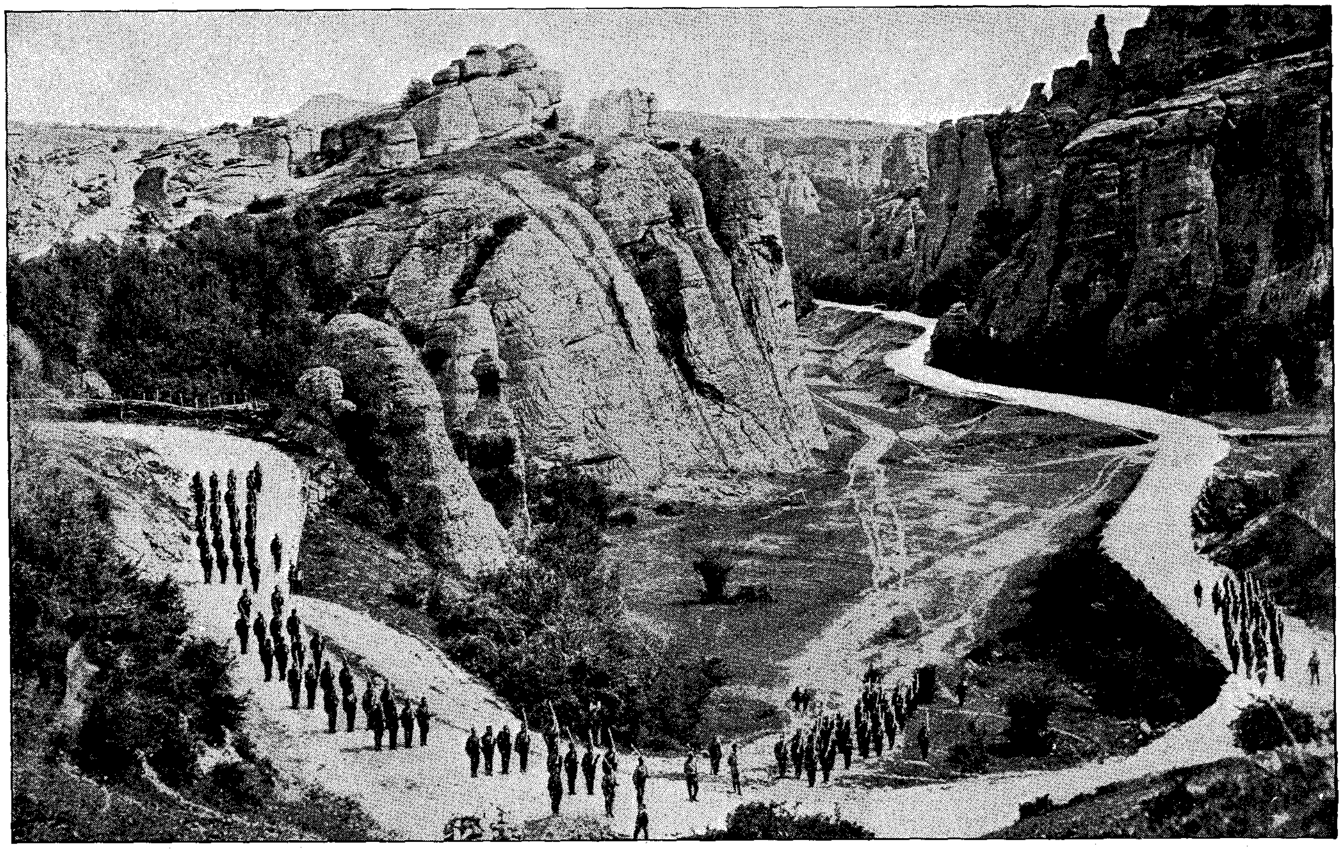
MEANING OF THE BALKAN VICTORIES

THE AMAZING SUCCESSION of victories won by the Balkan allies in these first few weeks of the war have convinced many an editorial observer that a new Power has risen in Europe, and peace is regarded as an early certainty. For the moment, thinks the New York *Sun*, European diplomacy is staggered by the discovery that the Balkan League is "apparently capable of dealing with the Turkish defense," and is "plainly determined to divide the Ottoman estate without regard to the susceptibilities or ambitions of the great Powers." Who, ask the Powers, is going to turn the victors out of the territory they are conquering? It will be remembered that at the beginning of the war a collective note from France, Russia, Britain, Germany, and Austria informed the Balkan States that, whatever the outcome of the fighting, they would not be allowed to change the *status quo*, and that they must not look for any territorial fruits of victory. Nevertheless, declares the New York *Times*, "the *status quo* has vanished, never to return," while at the same time the astonished nations have witnessed "the emergence, on a smaller scale, but possibly with consequences more momentous, of a new military Power like that of Japan." It is with the Slavs and Greeks of the Balkan Confederation, not with the Turks, that Europe in the future must mainly deal, adds the same paper. Turning again to *The Sun's* editorial on what it calls "the new Eastern Question," we read:

> "Foreign dispatches which describe the amazement and apprehension which the victories of the Balkan States have created in the capitals of the greater nations reveal on their face the occasion for the general anxiety. Europe, divided fairly equally into two great opposing camps, the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente, sees in the rise of the Balkan States the coming of a new element, as disturbing to existing conditions as was the new Japan to the balance of power in the Far East.
>
> "Hitherto the *status quo* in the Balkans has been maintained because it was merely a matter for the agreement of the great Powers. But to-morrow, if Balkan victories continue, the members of a new alliance, counting at least half a million battle-trained soldiers, will present to Europe their own plans for the partition of the European estate of the Turk between themselves, a partition which closes this way to Austrian advance to the Ægean and may clear the Russian way to the open sea.
>
> "If Europe were united it would still be possible to deliver its ultimatum to the Balkans. But manifestly such an ultimatum would have to be enforced by bayonets, since the Balkan League, victorious and in actual possession of the territory it claimed, would hardly retire before a mere diplomatic document. Who, then, is to enforce such an ultimatum?
>
> "In the present state of balance between the two groups it is equally plain that the addition of the Balkan Armies to either group would give it a great if not decisive advantage. Thus it is only natural for the diplomatic world to suspect that Russia, with her hostility to Austrian advance to Salonica and her racial and religious sympathies for the people of the Balkans, is at the present moment bidding for Balkan sympathy in the message of the Czar to King Peter."

The New York *World* notes that "Premier Poincaré, announcing that France, Russia, and Britain will stand together to prevent the Balkan War from spreading, makes no mention of 'preserving the *status quo*.'" And in the same paper a paragrapher makes the following pungent comment: "The anxiety of the great Powers because of their negligence in not attending to the case of the Sick Man of Europe themselves is pathetic now that some of them realize the danger that they will not fall heir to Turkey's possessions." A dispatch to the New York *Herald* quotes the London *Morning Post* as declaring that "if the four Balkan kingdoms can make good their claims by force of arms to the territories inhabited by their own flesh and blood no Power has the right to interfere."

Nevertheless, there comes by way of Berlin a Vienna dispatch, "evidently emanating from official sources," which says:



A TYPICAL PIECE OF BALKAN SCENERY,

Showing the nature of the country in which the fighting has been taking place.

"The time for intervention by the Powers is near, whether requested or not. If Turkey is defeated in the impending battle between Adrianople and Constantinople it would be high time for Europe to look to its interests, since the destruction of European Turkey could not be tolerated nor could the occupation of Constantinople by another Power."

But intervention is not so simple as it sounds, thinks the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, which foresees that "Europe may have to consent to a strengthened Balkan alliance and to the substitution of Christian for Moslem rule in the whole of Macedonia and Thrace." *The Ledger* goes on to say: "The present emergency could have been averted had the Powers been as anxious for the enforcement of the Treaty of Berlin as they were to prevent any one of their number profiting by the dismemberment of Turkey."

While the Balkan allies have made no official announcement of their ultimate intention, many interesting statements bearing on this point have found their way into the press. Thus in a London dispatch to a New York paper we read:

> "The league of the Balkan States is reported to be based on a formal written alliance. When this is made public it will reveal the territorial aims of the Balkan nations. The secret treaty defines the zones of influence of the respective countries in Albania and Macedonia and provides for a common tariff and postal union between the Balkan nations.
>
> "The alliance of the Balkan kings far exceeds the status of a military combination for the immediate object in view, according to the London *Outlook*, which claims to have special information to the effect that it is a permanent federation intended to exclude all external authority from the Balkan Peninsula.
>
> "The King of Greece, according to *The Outlook*, will become President of the alliance on the nomination of King Nicholas of Montenegro. The religious rivalries of the Balkan Christians will be ended by uniting the Orthodox Churches of Greece, Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro, as in ancient times, under the Patriarch of Constantinople, who is the head of the Greek Church. The churches will retain their national rituals and languages.
>
> "The extension of Servia through Bosnia to the Adriatic Sea will form a part of the scheme which Austria is expected to strongly resist. The Powers, it is asserted, are much more concerned in insuring peace among themselves than in arranging the issues at stake in the Near East, which look small when compared with a general European war."

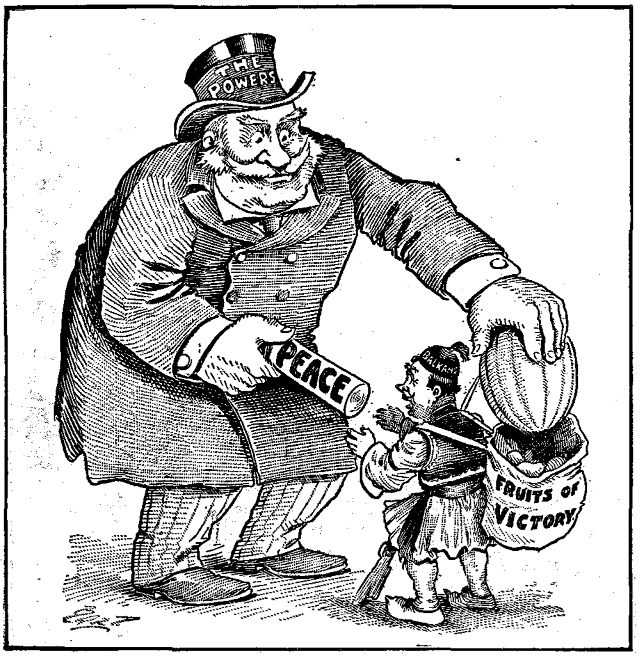
The *Mir*, a semiofficial newspaper published in the Bulgarian capital, declares that if European diplomacy honestly desires to establish a lasting peace after the war it must forget the *status quo* formula. It says:

> "After the bloody sacrifices and glorious victories, this formula deals a blow at the brave allied Armies and is unworthy of diplomacy which was responsible for unloosing the war when everything could have been gained by the execution of the treaties elaborated by that very diplomacy.
>
> "We must also protest against the word 'reforms.' The war has radically modified the situation and changes must ensue which can be nothing if not radical. Everything must be in proportion to the success of the allied Armies and to the sacrifices they made by the blood they shed."

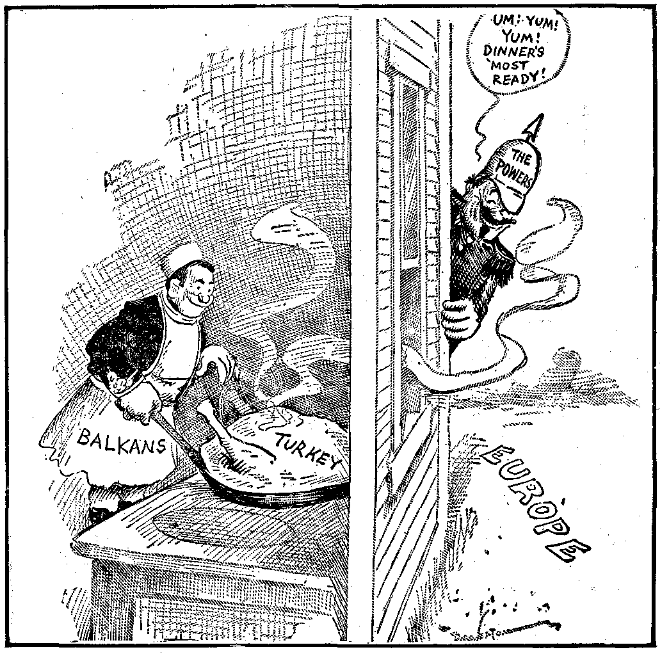
A correspondent of the New York *Tribune* quotes a Balkan diplomat in London as saying:

> "The view the Balkan States hold and will maintain, not only against Turkey, but against the world, is that Turkey must have nothing more to say in Macedonia. The Balkan *entente* is stronger than is generally supposed, and is not merely a temporary expedient. Its object is the Balkans for the Balkan people. Its interests are with those of the triple *entente*. This must not be so, for it must always be a block against Germanic expansion.
>
> "The Balkan Armies, 600,000 strong, will count for something. As to the future, it can not be considered possible that, after a war of these dimensions and after the enormous sacrifices involved, the Balkan allies will rest satisfied with another more or less provisional or temporary patching up of the question
>
> "The return to the *status quo ante* is an impossibility."

The interests of the world, thinks the New York *Globe*, "plainly demand that the Balkan States shall realize their ambition." And the Philadelphia *Inquirer* declares that intervention by the Powers "would be an unconscionable and nefarious proceeding



GIVE AND TAKE IN THE BALKAN SITUATION.
—Bartholomew in the Minneapolis *Journal.*



IS THIS THE SITUATION?
—Brewerton in the Atlanta *Journal.*

INTERESTED BYSTANDERS

which, it is gratifying to learn, the Balkan States are determined to resist." "The formation of a permanent Balkan confederacy to occupy the whole Peninsula would be the best solution of the problem if it were possible," remarks the Springfield *Republican*, which adds: "It would be possible but for Austria." Nevertheless, it goes on to say, "a new factor of great and unknown power has been injected into European politics, and the twentieth century may yet see a third great peninsular nation on the Mediterranean to match Italy and Spain."

Austria's attitude is defended on broad lines by the New York *International*, which sees in the events of the war alarming evidence of "the growing vitality of the Slav," and declares that "the awakening of the Slavic consciousness will be a menace to our Teutonic civilization." To quote more fully:

"The vast masses of Russians and their brothers who dwell nominally under Turkish sovereignty will be whipt into action by this new crusade, no matter what may be its immediate issue. If even China could be roused from slumber Russia, too, will bestir herself. The awakening of the Slavic consciousness will be a menace to our Teutonic civilization. Germany under the leadership of her far-sighted Emperor realized this when she took so determined and apparently wantonly relentless an attitude toward the Poles dwelling within her border. If Teutonic culture be worth preserving—and if Chamberlain is right all culture, as we understand the word, is Teutonic—the three great Germanic nations, Germany, England, and the United States, should face this issue squarely. . . . The Teutonic nations are the guardians of civilization. They are also natural allies against the Slav and the Mongol. Instead of piling dreadnoughts against each other, they should join hands in this crisis. Alone and at odds, they are vulnerable. They are invincible if united."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

IT is always tag-day with the ultimate consumer.—*Chicago News.*

THE Balkan War is playing havoc with the proof-readers.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

No one can deny that to-day Mexicans are their own worst enemy.—*Mexican Herald.*

POSSIBLY the Turk lay dreaming of the hour a little too late in the morning.—*New York Mail.*

Now the United States Supreme Court is up against it. It must decide what eggs are "strictly fresh."—*Boston Journal.*

WELL, Germany certainly shows her nerve in declaring war on a first-class power like Standard Oil.—*Washington Post.*

GARLIC is suggested as a cure for tuberculosis. It will at least have the advantage of isolating the cases.—*Cleveland Leader.*

CHINA wants to borrow more money on the same old security. That nation is certainly being rapidly civilized!—*Chicago News.*

YOUNG Charlie Edison says that his ambition is to invent a fuel cheaper than coal. Well, how about burning the mahogany furniture?—*Washington Post.*

THE express companies complain that the new rates will cost them $33,000,000 a year. This is very encouraging to the rest of us.—*Boston Advertiser.*

THE worst trouble has yet to come. Wait till the Balkan States undertake to divide Turkey and settle what share each one shall have.—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

A STRANGER was arrested in Chicago because he had $320 in his pockets. Not being able to catch the hold-up men, it seems that the police are striking at their base of supplies.—*Cleveland Leader.*

IF anything more were needed to restore the two-battle-ships-a-year program the promise of a Dollar-diplomacy fight with Germany in protection of the Standard Oil Trust ought to supply it.—*New York World.*

IT is lucky for the Turks that they have no more neighbors.—*Buffalo Enquirer.*

EVEN a "Holy War" answers General Sherman's blunt description.—*Boston Journal.*

THE "back-to-the-land movement" will never languish while aviation flourishes.—*Columbia State.*

THE great need of aviation just now seems to be a machine that will fly either side up.—*Springfield Republican.*

PORFIRIO'S declaration that he will not come back may now be taken seriously.—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

IN time we may discover how much Robert Morris contributed to George Washington's campaign.—*Wall Street Journal.*

THE fact that they are amenable to the law will undoubtedly prove a startling revelation to many policemen.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

EQUAL rights are making progress. Mrs. Catt estimates that 50,000 women in New York support their husbands.—*Buffalo Enquirer.*

IF the plans of the Bulgarians to Christianize Turkey go through, the Turks may have to make Reno, Nev., their Mecca.—*Chicago News.*

I WANT a minimum wage for everybody.—Oscar Straus.

Tut, tut! you don't mean it just like that, do you?—*Syracuse Post-Standard.*

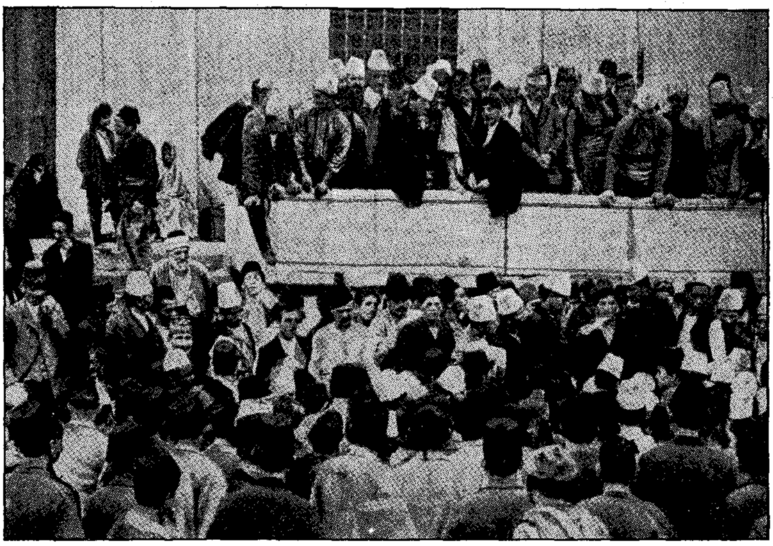
THE trouble in the Balkans leads to the terrible suspicion that Andrew Carnegie and The Hague Tribunal have been asleep at the switch.—*Cleveland Leader.*

A CANADIAN cabinet minister has resigned because he could not keep his preelection pledges. Diogenes should hasten to end his search at Ottawa.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

WE don't know anything about Ouchy, Switzerland, where the Italian-Turkish treaty was signed, but we presume that a dental college is situated there.—*Chicago News.*

SIZING UP THE BALKAN FIGHTERS

A NEW IDEA of the power of the Balkan States is dawning upon those who thought the League was foolhardy to tackle so redoubtable a foe as the Turk. Turkey may turn out to have been foolhardy in neglecting reforms and thus inviting war. At least so think some of the military experts now writing in the press of Europe. These writers are men who have actually seen the soldiers they are talking about. With the keen eye of the specialist they have noted everything about arms, equipment, organization, etc., that tells so vitally in time of real war. Thus the military correspondent of *The Westminster Gazette* gives a statement of the armed strength of the opposing forces that is quite different from that seen in the standard books of reference. Summarized, his figures appear as in the following table:



CALLING FOR VOLUNTEERS IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

TURKEY	
Eastern area..	130,000 infantry 5,000 cavalry 250 guns
Western area ..	140,000 infantry 5,000 cavalry 200 guns

Making no allowance for detachments guarding the line between them.

Total Turks	270,000 infantry 10,000 cavalry 450 guns

BULGARIA	200,000 infantry 5,000 cavalry 550 guns
SERVIA	110,000 infantry 2,500 cavalry 250 guns
GREECE	60,000 infantry 2,000 cavalry 150 guns
MONTENEGRO	50,000 infantry
Allies	420,000 infantry 9,500 cavalry 950 guns

"But," adds this writer, "more important than numbers comes the question of efficiency," which he takes to include "armament, equipment, and training, and lastly the fighting spirit or morale." Armament is about equal among the Balkan allies and their adversary. "All have modern quick-firing guns, and all have a small-bore magazine rifle." But the Turks have never undergone that collective training "where the various arms and departments of a military machine combine and work together," as in the German, French, and English maneuvers. The Turkish Army is scattered all over the Near East, and Turkey is handicapped in other ways, so as to reduce her fighting force almost to mediocrity, and we read:

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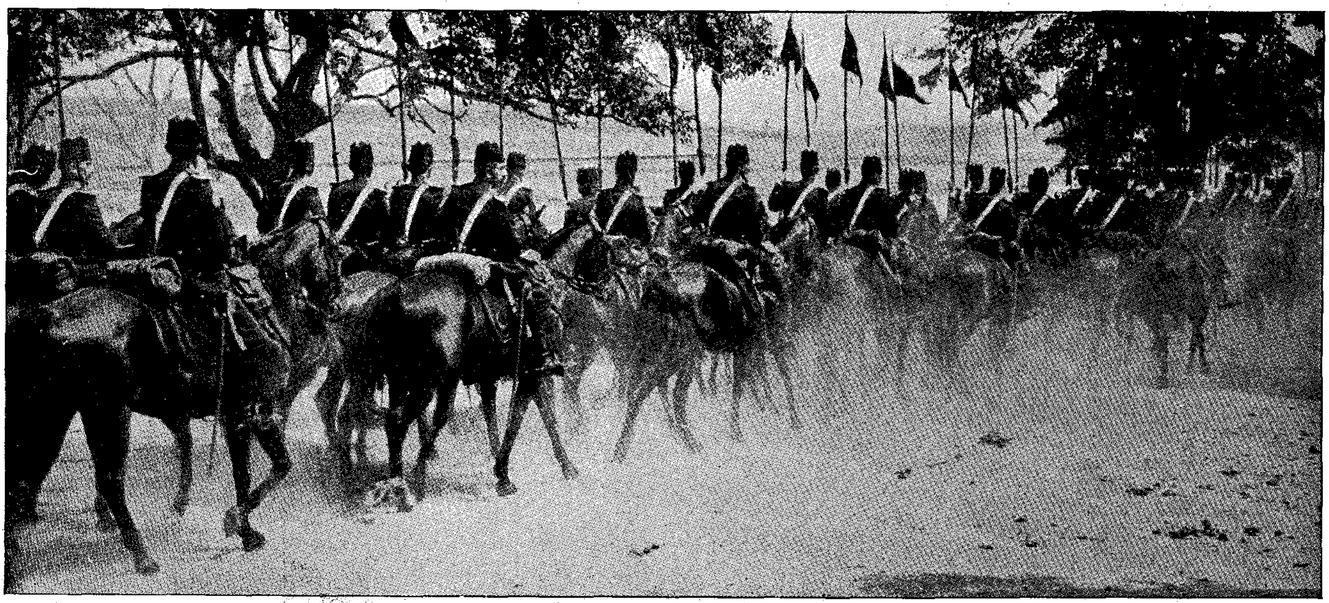
WIVES AND MOTHERS OF WOUNDED MONTENEGRIN SOLDIERS.
Waiting outside the army hospital at Cettinje.

"Political dissensions during the last few years, and especially during the last few months, have caused frequent changes among commanders and staffs, so that continuity of purpose in preparation for this war must have been sadly lacking.

"Military training is by no means the only consideration in an attempt to estimate war value. Take, for instance, the many problems connected with transport and supply—for, as said Napoleon, an army marches on its stomach. To consider each point in detail would run to many pages, but speaking generally it is probable that the standard of warlike efficiency of the Turkish Army is considerably lower than that of other modern European armies, and lower than its foreign friends and advisers would have us believe. Search for a parallel in history. The standard of efficiency is equal perhaps to that of the Russian Army at the time of its last campaign."

This military correspondent, however, can not conceal his profound admiration for Czar Ferdinand's Army, which he would rank with any force of a similar size in Europe, and he writes of the Bulgars in the following glowing style:

"Of the efficiency of the Bulgarian Army it is difficult to speak with moderation. To the writer have fallen opportunities at one time and another to study foreign armies, in the East and in the West, to study with a view to apply the lessons learned. Only one army in the world has so far impressed him with its work to anything approaching the same degree—the Army of Japan. From many points of view the comparison is striking. The newness of it all—so much of mushroom growth; the quiet reticence and modesty of officers and men; the anxiety to learn, to profit by the presence of a stranger—to draw upon his military experiences, good or bad, to pump him dry—but give nothing in return; the intense seriousness and long working hours, the simple standard of living, the prominence given to development of physique, the rigid economy and lack of all luxuries, of hobbies and fads—in no army in the world has war been spelled in larger letters than in that of



TURKISH CAVALRY LEAVING CONSTANTINOPLE.

BEFORE AND

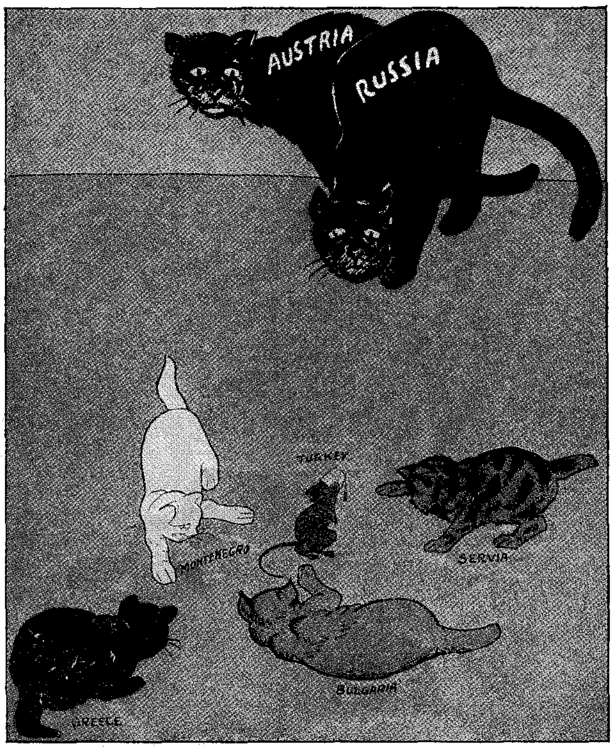
Bulgaria. Training, individual and collective, is methodical and thorough, handicapped only by the necessity for economy, for Bulgaria is very poor. Not more than fifty rounds of small-arm ammunition per man and thirty shell per gun can, for instance, be spared for musketry and battery practise purposes, but none of these rounds is wasted.

"Tactical principles are founded on a close study of all Continental methods, preference, if any, being given to the French. Bulgaria possesses her own educational establishments, and has for many years paid special attention to the training of her officer cadets, who, after passing a competitive examination, get the rest of their education free. For the training of the staff Bulgaria has till now relied mostly on the hospitality of certain foreign staff colleges; but the intention is in this respect also to develop independence."

Bulgaria is, indeed, the heart and soul of the Balkan Confederacy, in which Servia and Greece are but weak elements, and Montenegro, which has neither cavalry nor guns, in spite of the daring of those "mightiest mountaineers," has an army almost inefficient excepting on its "native heath." Of Servia and Greece he tells us "of personal knowledge":

"Military service in Servia has certainly been taken far less seriously by the Servians than by their Bulgarian neighbors. On paper the military system is moderately sound, but an impartial observer is forced to suspect that it fails in the application. Compared with the Bulgar or the Turk, the standard of physique is low, while that of intelligence is, perhaps, higher, but this intellectual superiority seems apt to run riot in politics and pleasure, and not to be fully applied to preparation for war.

"For higher military education Servia, like Bulgaria, relies largely on the hospitality of foreign institutions, but her own Military Academy provides a good foundation.



DIVISION OF LABOR.

The kits will catch the mouse and the cats will catch the kits.
—*Kladderadatsch* (Berlin).

"Up to a few years ago the standard of efficiency of the Greek Army could only be rated very low indeed. Recently, however, the tide of reform has set in strongly, and there can be little doubt that since the advent of Venizelos and the exclusion of politics from military circles, progress has been steady.

"Reform, however, takes a long time to spread from the highest ranks to the lowest, and on the whole it must be confest that the military efficiency of both Servia and Greece does not inspire confidence."

In morale, this writer gives the preference to the ferocious Turk, who, like *Fuzzy Wuzzy*, is "a first-class fighting man." If this were the only thing necessary in war, he would put his money on the Moslem. As it is, he leaves the matter rather in doubt. To quote his words:

"And now, a few words about that incalculable factor, the fighting spirit, or morale. Unprepared or well prepared, how are these various races going to stand the strain of battle? It is usual to appeal to history, but history is often most misleading, or the French would surely have reached Berlin in 1870. The reputation of the Turk stands very high, and there can be little doubt about his natural sense of discipline, his dogged determination, his ferocity, and martial pride—and if wars were won by individuals, each acting on his own, the betting on the Turk would be very high indeed. Among those who know him best the reputation of the Bulgar is also very high—the unknown factors are his two principal allies, whose reputations are low. But then, reputation often fails us, and the writer would deprecate too hasty judgment on the soldierly qualities of the Servians and Greeks."

The news reports of the ferocious hand-to-hand fighting seem to show that the writer had no need to qualify his praise for the determined courage of any of the armies engaged.

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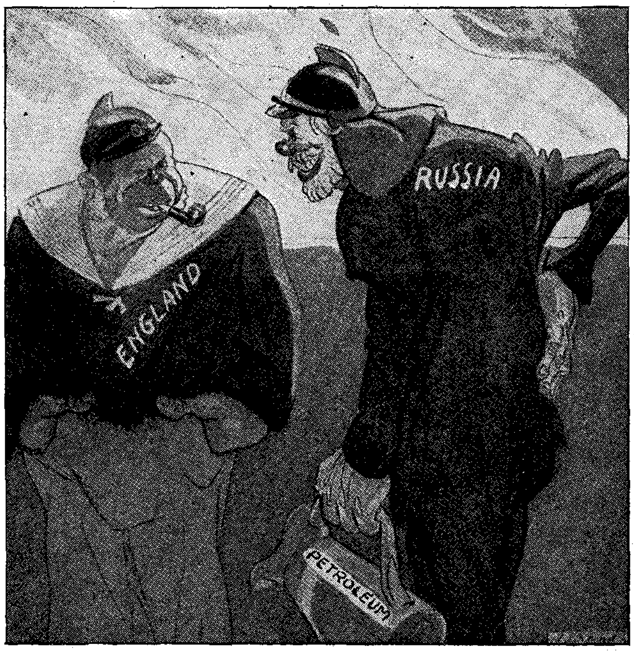
TURKISH PRISONERS OUTSIDE HEADQUARTERS AT PODGORITZA.

AFTER TAKING

INDIA BANISHING OPIUM

CHINA'S EXAMPLE in ridding itself of the thraldom of opium is, it appears, not to be lost upon India. In fastening this curse upon China in the Opium War, England also condemned India to devote a vast area of its food-producing land to the raising of the poppy, and incidentally subjected the people of India to the drug habit. Opium-smoking and -eating, of course, were prevalent in Hindustan long before the brown armies led by the English succeeded in forcing the Chinese Government to contract with India for the drug, and while China has suffered more than India from opium, still, the habit has made such ravages in the peninsula that the Government is now bestirring itself to crush it. The Finance Department of the Government of India has issued a resolution which shows that the Administration is so much in earnest in its desire to suppress opium-smoking and -eating that it is not willing to permit monetary considerations to override the moral issues involved, a fact that signifies a veritable change of heart in the Administration. The measures to be adopted to suppress the evil are thus outlined in this document, printed in the official publication, *The Gazette of India* (Simla):



THE FIREMEN IN THE BALKANS.

JOHN BULL—"Have you put it out, Ivan?"
RUSSIA—"Sure, John. I doused it thoroughly."
—*Kladderadatsch* (Berlin).

"After careful consideration . . . of the replies of local governments the Government of India have come to the conclusion that the time is ripe for taking further steps in the direction of direct and unqualified prohibition. They consider, that is to say, that it is desirable to suppress all public gatherings for the purpose of smoking opium, whether they are called saloons, clubs, or social assemblies, or by any other name whatever and to prohibit all manufacture of opium-smoking preparations save by an individual of a small quantity for his own private consumption. They consider that this prohibition should apply to the whole of British India, including Burma, and they will invite local governments which have, or will have, legislative councils to introduce legislation with this object, while for areas without legislative councils a similar measure will be introduced into the Imperial Council.

"The Government of India have no desire to dictate to legislative councils the exact form which legislation should take, but it should, they think, be provided that an assembly of three or more persons for the purpose of smoking opium should be declared illegal, no exception being made in favor of members of the same family, and that the presence of opium-smoking pipes or other apparatus, or of any quantity of smoking-preparations, either singly or in combination, should be held sufficient to raise the presumption of an intention to smoke opium. They further consider that the working of such legislation should be entrusted, wherever possible, to excise officials rather than to the police.

"The maximum limit of private possession of opium-smoking preparations will be determined for each province by its local government with due regard to local circumstances. The limit at present is three *tolas* in Burma, where the smoking-preparations in use are *beinsi* and *beinch;* it has recently been reduced in Madras to half a *tola* or 90 grains; in the rest of the provinces it is a *tola* or 180 grains; and the Bombay Government have suggested as low a limit as 45 grains. The Madras limit of half a *tola* will probably be found sufficient for most provinces. The Government of India do not desire to restrict the discretion of local governments in the matter, but they consider that a daily dose as required by an ordinary consumer should be the maximum limit of possession. The question of fixing a limit for the collective possession of opium-smoking preparations does not arise, as collective smoking by three or more persons is to be prohibited, but it may be desirable to lay down as the limit of possession by two individuals double the quantity allowed for one, with the proviso that where this quantity is exceeded each of the two individuals will be held guilty of possessing an amount in excess of the lawful limit."

The Administration does not believe that the time has come to prohibit individual opium-smoking. Being a foreign Government superimposed upon a vast alien population, it is easy to understand why it is chary about interfering with the private habits of any portion of its subjects. However, the regulations, as they obtain, are very stringent, as is evident from the following quotation from the same document:

> "The sale of smoking-preparations of opium is absolutely prohibited throughout India proper, while their private manufacture is only allowed to the smoker himself, or on his behalf, from opium lawfully in his possession, and, generally speaking, only to the extent of one *tola* at a time. The quantity of opium daily used by an opium-smoker is so large in comparison to that used by an opium-eater, and the inconvenience and difficulty involved in the repeated preparation for smoking are so great that these restrictions hardly fall short of legal prohibition."

These restrictions, coupled with the new regulations about opium-smoking with boon companions (which naturally reduce the charm of the poppy), are calculated to suppress the evil. Furthermore, the Government proposes "that the prices [of] opium should be so fixt as to make its consumption a luxury." This last provision is calculated to check not only opium-smoking, but also opium-eating.

REMEDIES FOR OUR SICK CITY

NEW YORKERS, and, indeed, all Americans, have "one admirable quality for grappling with crises and scandals—they insist on going to the bottom of them and dragging everything into the light," declares Sydney Brooks, in *The Nineteenth Century and After* (London). This is true, he adds, of our investigation of the "System," which he explains as being "the organization within the police force that profits by complicity with criminals." This writer relates at length the details of the Rosenthal murder, and "the disclosures which have told us nothing new," as "the corruption of the New York police . . . was laid bare in ample detail by the Lexow Committee of 1894." "The net result of that famous investigation was that one policeman was condemned to one month's imprisonment." Mr. Brooks, when he wrote this article, had not heard of the Becker trial nor learned how gallantly New York had so far vindicated her reputation by convicting of murder in the first degree the police lieutenant who is held to be the instigator of the gambler's assassination. But what this eminent journalist wishes to point out is the necessity for civic and legal reforms or reformation in our city rule. At the root of the present evils he places "the prostitution of the magistrate's bench," of which he writes:

> "Of all the crimes of the politicians against the good name of the city of New York, the worst and the most far-reaching is their prostitution of the magistrate's bench. A magistracy appointed by, recruited from, and dependent upon the local political machine is an insuperable obstacle to civic decency. All the police magistrates in New York owe their posts to the Mayor, who, in turn, owes his post to the politicians, who, in their turn, owe their power to their thorough control and organization of the criminal and alien classes. A careful New York publicist, with a minute knowledge of his subject, wrote some five years ago: 'It is almost the unanimous opinion of those who come in contact with them that a majority of the fourteen magistrates now on the bench in Manhattan and Bronx can be illegitimately influenced, or "seen," to adopt the euphemism commonly employed.' General Bingham went so far as to declare that the presence of 'a crooked or supine or incompetent judiciary' was at the root of the police problem in New York. He stated that cases were 'entirely too frequent' in which the police magistrate was 'a known politician, a crook, or a thug.'"

The second evil to be remedied is the small power of the Police Commissioner and his crippling dependence on the will of the Mayor. He has nothing like the authority granted to a London, Paris, or Berlin officer of the same rank. Mr. Brooks says on this point:

> "The status and powers of the Chief Commissioner of Police at once strike a detached inquirer as being incompatible with any real discipline. It sounds incredible, but it is a fact, that the Chief Commissioner of Police in New York, commanding 10,400 men, has no fixt tenure of office whatever, and may be removed any minute by either the Mayor of the city, who has appointed him, or the Governor of the State, without reason assigned, and possibly merely to gratify the caprice or politics of the day. In the past three years New York has had four chiefs of the police, and one of them, and the best of them all, General Bingham, was undoubtedly dismissed because he was too honest and too relentless and efficient in his war upon crime for the comfort of the politicians. Directly a new chief commissioner takes office the entire force begins speculating as to how long he will remain, who are behind him, how he stands with the political bigwigs, and who will be his successor. If he starts a reform, those on the force who do not like it will yield it only a faint obedience, knowing that its author is likely to be removed before it has become effective. . . . All who live by vice and crime join together with their business and political allies to bring daily and almost hourly pressure on the Mayor to remove him; and in the end he usually goes. But even if he stays, the consciousness that every day his official life may be his last paralyzes his authority, and his ludicrous inability to dismiss any policeman without an appeal to the civil courts still further reduces him to impotence."

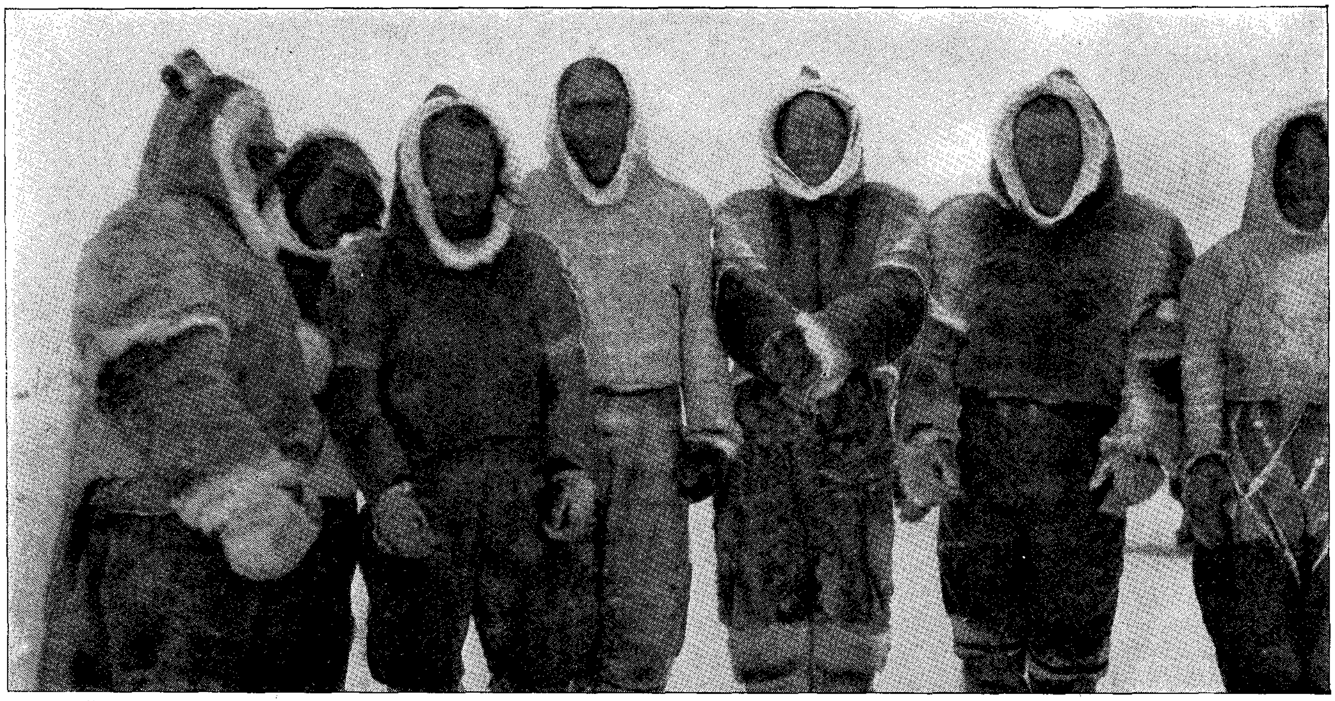
But the fundamental evil is declared to be the want of real home rule in New York. This big city is ruled by the farmers of the rest of the State, and laws seem to be purposely made that people may buy immunity for their infraction. The police go with the tide, says Mr. Brooks, who probes the psychology of it all in this manner:

> "There is this much at least to be said for the New York police: that no other body of men is exposed to such temptation. Nowhere has fanatical legislation made blackmail and corruption easier and, in a sense, more natural. I may be wronging a very interesting community, but my impression is that New Yorkers as a whole would agree that, if Puritanism must be the controlling influence by which they are governed, it had better be Puritanism tempered by bribery. At all events, there are some undeniable aspects in which it may be said that Tammany and a grafting police force are New York's and human nature's protest against the extremes of legislative altruism."

Something more, therefore, than "a periodic hurricane of revelations" is needed to heal the sickness of our city, but while "the problem is not insoluble," yet "along their present lines New Yorkers will never solve it." Here are some of the snags in the way:

> "It needs a recasting of some of the average American's most cherished theories in regard to the structure and practise of local government. So long as New York is largely ruled from Albany, so long will laws be passed that are out of all harmony with the wishes and needs of the metropolis; and so long as such laws are passed the temptation to buy and sell exemption from their operations and to use them as instruments of blackmail will prove, as it is to-day, irresistible. So long as the Commissioner of Police is a political nominee, with no official stability and unable to dismiss a single policeman without an appeal to the civil courts, so long will the internal discipline and administration of the force remain a chaos. So long as police magistrates are appointed by the politicians, and are susceptible to political influences, so long will justice be betrayed. . . . So long as judicial procedure and the laws of evidence combine to shield the malefactor and to defeat the honest officer, crime will continue, as now, to be one of the safest and most lucrative professions open to the ambitious New Yorker. The problem of the New York police, in short, is part of the problem that now more than ever confronts the whole American people—how to restore, how to reassume, how to make workable and effective, self-government."

SCIENCE AND INVENTION



Courtesy of "Harper's Magazine."

A GROUP OF THE WHITE ESKIMOS DISCOVERED BY STEFANSSON.

WHITE ESKIMOS; OLD AND NEW

THE WHITE ESKIMOS reported on Coronation Gulf by Stefansson, the Arctic explorer, have been residents of that region for some time, if they are identical with those described by a Dutch sea-captain some 250 years ago. Stefansson's story was printed in the New York *Sun* on September 15. He describes the people he found as shorter than the Alaskan Eskimos "and of a somewhat fairer complexion." Several had sandy beards, and many had light eyebrows, so that among them Stefansson himself passed for an Eskimo. Their cephalic or skull measurements "differ strikingly from those of the Alaskan Eskimos, and, so far as I know, from those of the pure-blooded Eskimos anywhere." He saw about a dozen with blue eyes out of a population of 1,000 or so, and thinks it "most likely that these people are of a mixt European and Eskimo descent." All evidences, in fact, seem to him "to point strongly to the probability that the Norse colony in Greenland was never entirely exterminated by the Eskimos, but that the larger portion of it escaped and it is their descendants mixt with the descendants of the Eskimos of their time whom we now find in Victoria Island."

VILHJALMAR STEFANSSON,

Who says some members of the tribe that he found would, if suitably drest, pass for Europeans.

That these or similar Eskimos were discovered hundreds of years ago, tho since forgotten, is noted by David MacRitchie, of Edinburgh, in a letter to *Nature* (London, October 3). He writes as follows:

"It is important to bear in mind that a description of a race of fair-complexioned Eskimos, living on the shores of Davis Straits, was printed in Europe in 1658. This account occurs in De Poincy's 'Histoire Naturelle & Morale des Iles Antilles de l'Amérique,' which was published at Rotterdam in that year, and contains a chapter (xviii.) incorporating the narrative of Nicolas Tunes, captain of a Flushing vessel, just returned from Davis Straits. . . . De Poincy indicates the locality in question in the following terms, here translated from his somewhat archaic French: 'The captain, from whom we have received this narrative, having set out from Zealand at the end of the spring of 1656, with the intention of discovering some new source of trade in those northern lands, arrived at the end of June in Davis Straits, whence, having entered a river which begins at 64° 10′ N. lat., he sailed to the seventy-second degree, where the land about to be described is situated.'

"A very full description is given of the natives, but only the following sentences need be quoted here: 'As regards the inhabitants, our travelers report having seen two kinds, who live together on the most friendly terms. Of these, one kind is described as very tall, well-built, of rather fair complexion, and very swift of foot. The others are very much smaller, of an olive complexion, and tolerably well-proportioned, except that their legs are short and thick. The former kind delight in hunting, for which they are suited by their agility and natural disposition, whereas the latter occupy themselves in fishing. All of them have very white, compact teeth, black hair, animated eyes, and the features of the face so well made that they present no notable deformity. Moreover, they are all so vigorous and of such a strong constitution that several of them who have passed their hundredth year are still lively and robust.

"In the small, olive-complexioned, short-legged people here described, there is no difficulty in recognizing true Eskimos. Those of the tall, comparatively fair type may easily have been the descendants of the Norse colonists, intermingled, it may be, with Eskimos. It is believed by many—for example, by Dr. Nansen . . . that the early Norsemen in Greenland were not exterminated by the Eskimos, but were gradually absorbed by them through successive intermarriages. Admitting this, it would seem that the fusion of the two races was still only partial in 1656. Tunes and his comrades speak of black hair as common to both types, but that need not mean much. . . . . . .

"However, the point is that an expedition of the year 1656 reported a tall, light-complexioned caste of natives living on the shores of Davis Straits at the same time as others of genuine Eskimo type. It is quite possible that the former, still retaining their individuality, may have migrated westward to Victoria Land."

Mr. Stefansson himself gives, in a letter to *Harper's Weekly* (October 26), additional evidence that the white Eskimos are not very recent settlers. Franklin's expedition apparently had a glimpse of them in 1824. Says the explorer:

"On the morning of the 16th of July, 1824, Captain John Franklin (later Sir John Franklin) saw a party of Eskimos near the Coppermine River in the vicinity of Bloody Fall. The entire party ran away, with the exception of one man who was too old and decrepit to run. Members of Franklin's party on another day saw some other Eskimos on the opposite bank from them of the Coppermine River, and two of these came in canoes near enough so that Franklin's interpreter could speak to them. Franklin says nothing of the physical appearance of these two men, but of the one at whom he got a good look at close range —the old man who could not flee through the infirmities of age—he says:

"'The countenance [of this man] was oval, with a sufficiently prominent nose, and had nothing very different from an European face, except in the smallness of his eyes and, perhaps, in the narrowness of his forehead. His complexion was very fresh and red, and he had a longer beard than I have hitherto seen on any of the aborigines of America. It was between two and three inches long and perfectly white.'—(*Journey to the Shores of the Polar Sea*, by John Franklin, Philadelphia, 1824, p. 316.)

"I read this passage first many years ago, but it conveyed to me then no startling message. So far as the public seems to know, it has carried the impression which the newspapers have lately crystallized into 'Blond Eskimo' to no one of the hundreds of thousands of people who have read it, altho it could well stand for the description of a typical man of the same region as I have seen them almost a hundred years later. Probably Franklin himself did not realize nearly as fully as we do to-day that he had seen and described an Eskimo who looked as no pure-blooded Eskimo has a right to look. Besides, the science of ethnology and the problems of heredity were not understood even by the scientific men of that time as they are to-day. In other words, Franklin had made a discovery of scientific importance, but no one seems then to have realized that it was a discovery. To-day we see clearly that a discovery has been made, partly because we came in close contact with hundreds where Franklin saw one man only at close range, but more especially because our modern eyes see at once that there is a problem, if not a mystery, in the finding of many individuals with European-like characteristics in a region where we should have expected to find none.

"This paragraph of Franklin's own first book disposes of the theory that the blond Eskimo of Coronation Gulf are descended from the survivors of the Franklin expeditions—disposes of it so far as the description of one individual out of a thousand or more can be taken as the key to his people's physical type, for it is fairly clear that an old man who looked 'nothing very different from an European' in 1824 could not have his European-like characteristics from men who sailed from England in 1845.

"This is not saying, of course, that some survivors of the Franklin expeditions may not have maintained themselves for a while in Victoria Island; that is a question for discussion later, as are the various other theories that may be called on to explain the European-like elements found in the Eskimo population near Coronation Gulf by Franklin in 1821, and by our party in 1910. Had Franklin seen an Eskimo of the Alaskan type he would have thought he looked 'nothing very different from a Japanese.' He did think that he looked like a European—and Franklin was familiar with the Eskimos of Hudson Bay. His description fits very well many individuals still living in southwest Victoria Island. A few, at least, of them could, if suitably drest, pass for Europeans either among the Eskimos of Alaska or the Europeans of New York."

The explorer has placed in the New York Museum of Natural History several cases of weapons and utensils used by the blond tribe. Many of these are made of copper, a metal no other Eskimos are known to use. Dr. Frederic A. Lucas, Director of the Museum, has issued a statement of his belief in Stefansson's claims.

FRESH AIR FROM BELOW GROUND

THE WAY in which a Virginia gentleman supplies his house with air from the Luray caverns, over which he lives, and the beneficial results of this plan are described in *The Technical World Magazine* (Chicago, October). The Luray caves, as is well known, are among the world's most beautiful and extensive limestone caverns, honeycombing the ground for three miles or more beneath the eminence known as Cave Hill. The caverns, according to the publication named above, have recently been acquired by T. C. Northcott, a retired heating and ventilating engineer, whose house stands on this hill. We read on:

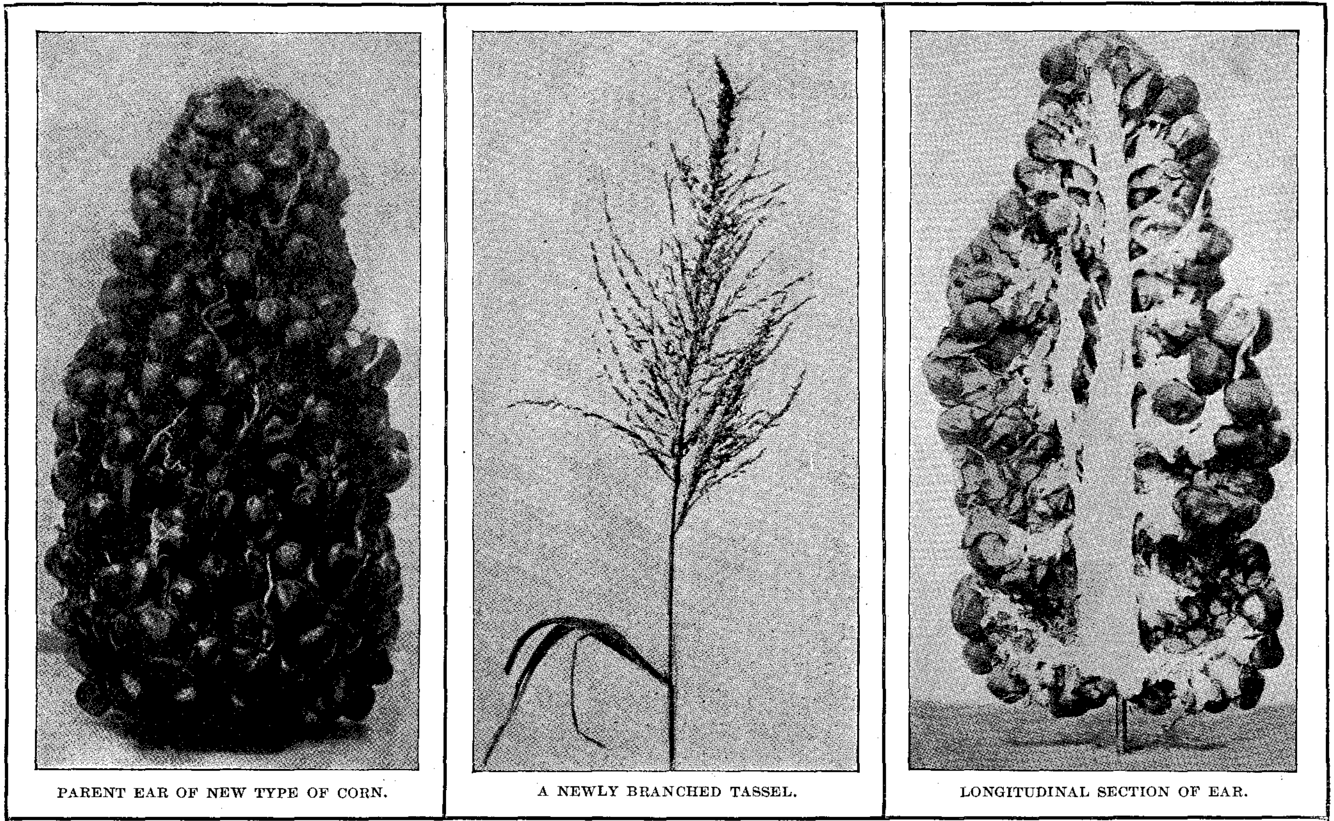
"Ordinarily the possession of a limestone cave, no matter how beautiful, would seem to have little to do with science and health. But cave air is practically germless, as well as of uniform temperature; it is also as dry as air may be which is constantly circulating over limestone.

"Combining the above factors, Mr. Northcott piped the air from the caverns into his home by means of a huge air-duct and suction fans; in short, getting his ventilating, and to a certain extent his heating, absolutely free! It is hard to imagine a more complete harnessing of nature to the service of any one man. In the first place, he is placed in touch with an abundant supply of fresh, dry, germless air at a constant temperature of between fifty-four and fifty-six degrees. If the statements of scientists are true, then in escaping the onslaughts of germs Mr. Northcott should live to a ripe old age. Recognizing this fact, Mr. Northcott never opens the windows of his house, except for cleaning purposes, with the result that catarrh and colds are unknown. The quality of the air is such that the claim is made that a day or two in this house will cure the most obstinate case of la grippe.

"Furthermore, since this air comes into the house at an average temperature of fifty-five degrees the year round, heating in winter and cooling in summer are results attained with the minimum of effort and expense. Mr. Northcott has arranged heating coils outside of the house, so that he avoids the contamination due to the fumes of combustion. Since it is only necessary to raise the natural temperature of the air some ten degrees for comfort, it is easily seen that the necessary heating may be accomplished much more economically than would be possible under normal conditions, where an increase of thirty or forty degrees would be necessary. Incidentally, outside air varies in temperature and humidity, whereas that of the caverns does not. Result: No hurried trips to put the drafts on the furnace or to dampen it off to meet a sudden change in the weather.

"So much for the winter. We are willing to admit that it is easier to keep warm in winter than cool in summer, so once again Mr. Northcott has the advantage. He admits the unwarmed air into his house, and the temperature drops to a coolness which would make a log fire welcome, no matter how the mercury soars outside.

"The simplicity of the whole arrangement should excite the admiration of the engineer; it will certainly stir the envy of ordinary mortals. If there were only enough such caves in the world for all of us!"



PARENT EAR OF NEW TYPE OF CORN. A NEWLY BRANCHED TASSEL. LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF EAR.

A "GIFT FROM MOTHER NATURE"; THE NEW TYPE OF CORN.

Found by a workman of the Illinois Agricultural Experiment Station in 1909, and laid aside as a curiosity, it may prove to be an ideal food for live stock. It does not appear to be related at all to the ordinary ear, and its origin is a mystery.

A NEW FORM OF INDIAN CORN

NOT ALL our new varieties arise through the activities of breeders like Luther Burbank. Occasionally some farmer discovers a plant, or a part of a plant, that is apparently totally unlike its brothers and sisters of the same field. This may or may not be useful; sometimes, doubtless, the discoverer has not the wit to know whether it is so or not. It may be of the greatest use, and then it is to be regarded as a gift from Mother Nature—one of those sudden departures from strict heredity named by DeVries "mutations," and it is our duty to do what we can to reproduce and multiply it. Such a gift, apparently, is an entirely new form of Indian corn that appeared three years ago in an Illinois corn-field. Dr. Walter B. Gernert, of the University of Illinois, who writes of it in *The American Naturalist* (Lancaster, Pa., October), believes that it will prove an ideal food for live stock. As will be seen by the illustrations, it does not appear to be related at all to the ordinary ear. Here is Dr. Gernert's account:

"While harvesting a plot of yellow dent corn, a strain of the Leaming variety grown on the Illinois Agricultural Experiment Station fields in 1909, one of the workmen found a peculiarly shaped ear which was laid aside in the drying-room as a curiosity. The corn in which this ear was found came from a strain that had been subjected for several generations to an ear-row selection for high protein content by a mechanical inspection of the endosperm.

"This new type of ear, which reproduces faithfully in its progeny, is cone shaped in outline and gives the appearance externally of being composed of a mass of kernels borne on numerous irregular branches. A longitudinal section displayed kernels throughout the ear.

"The 'branched' form is a prolification of the fleshy type of four to thirty or more-rowed cob common to all varieties that to the writer's knowledge have been described to date. For this new type the writer proposes the name *Zea ramosa*, from the Latin '*ramosus*—having many branches.' . . . . . .

"The ear of *Z. ramosa*, which is always of a definite form, is borne at the usual place near the middle of the culm and is not to be confused with sparsely branched ears sometimes found on the culm nor with ears frequently found in the tassels on ordinary corn plants. Such abnormalities, which are fluctuating in their inheritance, have thick basal branches of fleshy cob—which may be as long or longer than the primary cob itself—and may bear from two to a dozen or more rows of kernels on each branch.

"Furthermore, no male florets have as yet been found in any of the ears of *Z. ramosa*, and they are always covered with normal husks.

"A feature of especial interest in the new type is the fact that the tassels of such plants are also invariably much branched and cone-shaped. No instance has yet appeared in which this correlation did not exist. . . . . . .

"As is generally the case in such instances, it is only a matter of conjecture as to the causes that led to the production of this individual which, in so far as is known, was different from all others in the history of the strain. Mr. W. T. Craig, who has been connected with the corn-breeding work at the University of Illinois for a number of years, states that to his knowledge no ear similar to this has ever been harvested on any of the breeding plots at this station.

"The selection in the particular strain in which the branched ear was found has since been discontinued and thus we do not know whether the type would ever have occurred again in the same strain. Hybrid progeny from this parent strain are, however, yet being grown at this station; but no other individuals like the one here described have been found.

"Several more generations of the branched corn should be grown before we can make any reliable statements as to its economic value. It is hoped that the new type may be developed by hybridization and subsequent selection among the segregates (which work is in progress now). As yet it does not bear as much grain as the unbranched ear in the strain in which it was found. . . . . . .

"The branched ear is apparently an ideal form to feed whole to live stock. The cob is of such nature that it may be readily masticated with the kernels and without the necessity of grinding or chopping before it is fed. It may also prove to be an ideal type for ensilage. Whether it will yield well enough to justify its production for any of these, or other purposes, remains to be investigated."

RIVERS OF STARS IN SPACE

THE THEORY of "star-streams" was put forth by Kapteyn, in 1907. According to his investigations, the stars are drifting in two opposite directions in the plane of the Milky Way, and seem to belong to two independent streams that have somehow become "mixt up." This "two-stream" theory was opposed by Schwarzschild of Potsdam, who regarded the stars as belonging, not to two systems, but to a single one. The opposite drifts of Kapteyn's two streams are to him merely the falling of stars at the ends of a stretched-out oval toward its center. A step in a contrary direction was taken by Hahn, of the Cape Observatory, who believes that there are at least three main "streams" of stars. That there are minor streams seems also to be quite generally admitted. Is there any likelihood that these diverse views will ever be reconciled? At least one astronomer thinks that there is. In an article contributed to *Popular Astronomy* (Northfield, Minn., October) Hector Macpherson, Jr., writes:

"In the midst of these varying discoveries of facts and tendencies, the problem is to reach the true theory of the universe. Has the two-stream theory come to stay or will it go the way of the hypothesis of the solar cluster? The latter theory for a time held the field; but later investigations convinced Kapteyn that it was untenable. The stream-theory, however, seems to be more probable. That the stars, generally speaking, drift in two opposite directions has been confirmed by investigators other than Kapteyn. The differences between astronomers consist in the difficulty of interpreting the streaming phenomenon.

"Professor Turner of Oxford, however, believes that the different theories may turn out to be all true; and, at a recent meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society (March, 1912), he put forward his views. In his own words which may be as well quoted here—'What is an extreme form of motion with reference to a center? It would, of course, be motion straight to or from the center—radial motion. What would happen then? All stars moving toward the center of the system would seem to intersect in the center; and then there would be another set coming away, and they would seem to diverge from the center and converge to the opposite point of the celestial sphere; that would explain the star-streams, with no distinction between them beyond the simple fact that when there are stars visiting the center some must be going and some coming back.'

"Turner's theory has the merit of simplicity, which the hypothesis of two independent streams of stars lacks; and probably it will be found true that the visible universe is a unit, not a dual system. But obviously it will be many years before any of these theories can be put forward as other than merely provisional. The material at our disposal in regard to radial motions is too limited to lay down a theory with any degree of dogmatism.

"The recent speculations do not touch the subject of the center of gravity of the universe, but if Turner's theory be near the truth it would seem that there must be some central point. It is somewhat remarkable that in *The Observatory* for April last, Mr. F. W. Henkel draws attention to Mädler's theory of the 'Central Sun,' long since abandoned and generally believed to be utterly discredited. Mr. Henkel does not revive Mädler's theory, but he pleads for a repetition of the line of work by which Mädler was led to his conclusion that the Pleiades occupied the central position. He points out that the common proper motion and similarity of spectra characterizing the Pleiades group adds probability to the suggestion that they might form a *physical center* for the motions of other stars."

Recent astronomical work, the writer goes on to say, has been directed chiefly to the motion of the stars, and only in a lesser degree to their distribution. But there seems no reason, he thinks, to modify the opinion that the universe is globular, with increasing condensation to the equatorial region, and that the stellar system visible to us is limited in extent. He concludes:

"Undoubtedly the galaxy is the ground plan of the universe—the reference plane. The stars converge toward it; stellar motions, as the stream theory shows, are arranged with reference to it; temporary stars are commonest in or near the galactic equator. The crowding of variable stars of all types to the Milky Way has been brought out recently by the German astronomer Zinner. . . . The galactic region seems to be in an earlier stage of evolution than other parts of the universe. Perhaps the most remarkable fact concerning the stellar universe is that of apparent stability and actual motion. The stars are in continual motion, and yet their relative positions remain practically unchanged. For instance, we talk of the *motions* of the planets, but we can not talk of their distribution. On the other hand, we can talk both of the *motions* and *distribution* of the stars. Owing to the common drift of so many stars, and owing to the vast distances separating them, their relative positions change very little. If the ancient Greek astronomers were alive to-day, they would detect little change in the positions of the stars—a fact due to the immensity of the universe, the huge scale on which it is constructed."

A STRANGE LIGHT ON THE ANDES

AN EXTRAORDINARY LIGHT, noticed frequently in the past above the crests of the Chilean Andes, has appeared again, and those who live within a radius of four hundred miles from the main ridges of the Cordilleras are watching its appearance with increasing curiosity. The cause of this form of effulgence is stated variously. "To authoritative opinion, however," says a Chilean correspondent in the *Diario de la Marina* (Havana), "this light seems to have fixt points of issue in most instances, and only the frequency of its discharge and its extent appears to change." He goes on:

"Ordinarily the light has a glistening appearance, and commonly its boundary has the shape of a bold curve; not seldom it is seen only on one side of the Cordilleran group. The most vivid, the most powerful flashing occurs at a definite point, and it sometimes rises several degrees above the main Cordilleran crest. Often the discharges seem to reach beyond the zenith and consequently over the so-called Artists' Cordillera, and far away to sea. When the sky is clear the phenomenon can be perceived with ease; and during long intervals after darkness it can be observed day by day. Of course, it may be present also during daylight, but it is not then observable.

"It begins in late spring and lasts till the approach of winter; and toward the south this phenomenal light becomes gradually less or ceases altogether. In northern and central Chile, in Bolivia, and probably, too, in Peru, this flashing is seen, altho in occasional long intervals of their joint area it apparently fails to appear.

"Quite recently a naturalist, during a journey through a valley of the main Cordillera, observed this phenomenon with exactness. One evening about nine o'clock, while studying an unusual and frequent discharge, he was able to ascertain that its point of issue was an elevation of the Cordillera along which he was roaming. Moving constantly around this peak was a band shaped like a segment of one or two degrees in height and somewhat similar to the zodiacal light in brightness. During the present season the light has glistened as usual, but with much greater strength, and especially above the discharge, into which the glistening has disappeared after a moderate interval. The naturalist believes that this flashing of the Andes is due to profuse electric discharges in certain districts of their Chilean section, and particularly among the greater peaks. The predominating popular view is that this light is a reflection of the molten lava in volcanic craters. Such a view is erroneous, however. It is not improbable that the number of the points at which these discharges occur changes; and it is possible, too, that during the great earthquake of August, 1906, discharges occurred along the whole crest, for, if we may accept authoritative statement, the sky everywhere in central Chile then flashed with a quivering 'fire,' such as was never seen either previously or thereafter.

"Observation leads to the conclusion that this seeming radiance of the Andes is the result of a copious issue of electricity, which is visible only from certain favorable points of view, and perhaps is not always occurring. How these discharges, which are noiseless and produce no sparks, may be designated at this day, is not quite clear. Probably, if we may follow further eminent opinion, the great infrequency of thunderstorms in Chile is related to the apparently compensating action of the 'lightning crest' of the Cordilleras. And whether the flashing of the Andes is not related, too, to that form of the aurora borealis which is sometimes observable above mountain peaks in Norway must be answered by further investigation."—*Translation made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

GOOD POWER FROM POOR FUEL

THE CHIEF COST OF COAL at most places is not that of mining it, but of transporting it. Now that electric power-transmission is an accomplished fact, why not burn the coal and generate the power at the mine? This question has often been asked of late. We may never succeed in generating our power at the bottom of the shaft, as Sir William Ramsey suggests, thus saving part of the cost of mining as well as all the transportation, but that power-transmission from a generator at the mine's mouth is practical is proved by its success in Chignecto, in the bituminous coal district of Nova Scotia. This is of especial interest, because the coal used is of such poor quality that it would hardly pay to use it otherwise. Says *The Engineering Record* (New York, September 7) in substance:

"In this case a generating station of 1,000 kilowatt rating is located at the pit mouth, and the energy latent in the slack or refuse screenings is electrically transmitted to Amherst and also to the mining district of Joggins, on the Bay of Fundy, service being tapped off at the intermediate towns of Maccan, Nappan, and River Herbert.

"The service includes the supply of electricity for lighting throughout each of the towns reached by the lines of the company, a commercial power business including the operation of a gypsum quarry at Nappan, the driving of factory machinery in Amherst, and the running of pumps, blowers, and other apparatus at the mines. Continuous service is maintained, giving the towns supplied an advantage not possest by many small Nova Scotia communities which receive electricity only at night from their small and relatively inefficient local plants.

"The use of low-grade fuel is the most interesting phase of the Chignecto development. Screenings are discharged, without any attempt at their separation from dirt, slate, etc., upon a conveyor leading to a coal-bunker in the boiler-room. The fuel contains 20 per cent. ash, and the station pay-roll covers a total of ten men, most of whom are occupied on the boiler-room side of the plant.

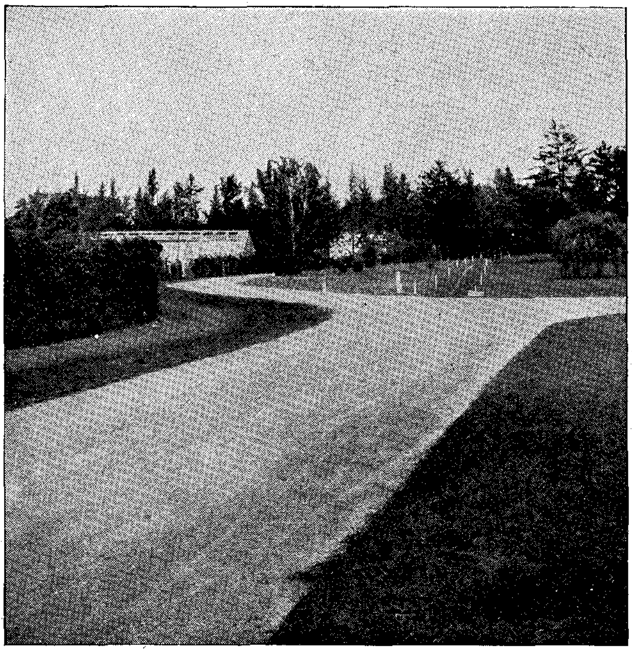
"The plant illustrates the reclamation possibilities of electricity in dealing with an otherwise unmarketable fuel, 30 per cent. of the mine output being worthless for selling purposes and removable from the locality only at a prohibitive cost. The saving in converting this cheap grade of fuel into electrical energy is much greater than if a good quality of coal were used. The labor requirements are doubtless increased considerably by the care needed in the burning of the poor fuel available, it being necessary to clean the fires every two hours. A plant burning high-grade fuel at the pit mouth with mechanical stokers and a practically unlimited water-supply would probably show a lower labor cost and a smaller investment, but the present installation is understood to be generating power at a cost no greater than is possible in a hydro-electric plant of about the same size. It furnishes an excellent example of by-product waste utilization which may well be favorably considered in other mining localities situated within striking distance of desirable markets for the sale of electricity at reasonable rates."

A CANDY PAVEMENT—An unsuccessful attempt to use molasses as a binder for a macadam pavement was made recently in Washington. A writer in *The Technical World Magazine* (Chicago, November) tells the story:

"Immediately north of the main building of the Department of Agriculture, at Washington, is a road which could at one time boast of being the sweetest highway in the world—a sort of candy road, as it were, because its surface had been coated with molasses.

"We have all read in our story-books of childhood about orchards bearing sugar-plums and fences composed of sticks of candy—fables to please the imaginative young mind—but here in reality was a road that was actually sweet until the scientist, to keep away flies and bugs, mixt lime with the molasses.

"According to one of these scientists one of the greatest problems in road-making of the present time is the production of a substance that will efficiently bind together the hard material of the wearing surface. Crude oil, coal-tar products, pitch, cement, etc., are now being used for this purpose, and in order to test the efficiency of molasses as a binder, the mixture of molasses and lime was spread on this road—about a half mile in length. In many districts of the South low-grade molasses can be obtained very cheaply from the numerous sugar-mills. The roads there are very poor, and it was hoped that if this experiment proved successful the highways in that section could be improved materially. But alas! when the first strong rain fell on the 'candy' road the gutters were filled with molasses running away into the sewers."


Courtesy of "The Technical World Magazine," Chicago.

HIGHWAY IN WASHINGTON COATED WITH MOLASSES.

At the first rain, the sweet liquid departed.

TOBACCO AND CHOLERA—That tobacco is fatal to the cholera germ is indicated by a report made by Professor Wenck, of the Imperial Institute of Berlin, to the *Gazette des Hôpitaux*, telling of his observations during the recent epidemic in Hamburg. Says *Cosmos* (Paris, September 12):

"In cigars manipulated with water containing 1,500,000 rod-bacilli to the cubic centimeter, all the microbes died in twenty-four hours, and examination of cigars made at Hamburg during the epidemic showed that these were absolutely free from bacilli. Dr. Wenck was able to show that the cholera microbes died half an hour to two hours after being placed in contact with the smoke of Brazil, Sumatra, or Havana tobacco. Also, tobacco-smoke killed in five minutes the choleraic microbes of the saliva. Finally, not a workman in the Hamburg cigar factory was attacked by the epidemic."—*Translation made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

THE PANAMA SLIDES—The conclusion of an article on "Slides in the Culebra Cut," by Donald F. MacDonald, geologist to the Canal Commission, published in *The Engineering Record* (New York), is that the much-feared earth-slides are only temporary drawbacks. He says:

"When the slopes shall have been reduced to the proper angle, which will, of course, vary with the strength of the rock from, say, almost perpendicular in the case of the strong lavas to one in five in the case of the much-sheared clay rocks, the slide problem will be practically solved. With slope pressures thus finally adjusted and a protective mantle of vegetation minimizing erosion on the banks, there is no reason why this new and mighty man-made valley shall not be as stable and as enduring as other great valleys wrought in the long ages by nature's sculpturing hand."

LETTERS AND ART

MUSIC OF SIBERIAN EXILES

EVERYTHING in the way of music, save the chants of the Church, are denied by the Russian Government to the forlorn inmates of its prisons and mines of Siberia. Yet, for all of this prohibition, relief is secretly sought for the overburdened heart by these sequestered souls, who have thus produced a new and hitherto unknown literature of song. The governors of prisons have also rigidly withheld musical instruments even from political prisoners, yet they have invented a sinister accompaniment to the rhythm of their touching songs in the dreadful music of clanking manacles. In the summer of 1908 a brilliant Russian composer, of Swedish origin, Mr. William Hartfeld, succeeded after strenuous efforts in obtaining permission from the Russian Premier, Stolypin, to explore this unknown field.

CRIMINAL AND POLITICAL CONVICTS IN SIBERIA.

They have invented songs that express the despair of their hopeless life and they sing them to the clanking accompaniment of their chains.

At the very start, in the fortress of Tobolsk, according to an absorbing article in *La Revue* (Paris) by Leonie Siénicka, an unexpected difficulty arose. The very deference shown the composer by the governor of the prison roused the suspicions of the convicts he summoned as most likely to aid the quest: They answered with a cynical pretense of ignorance born of the fear that this emissary of Stolypin, inviting them to break the rules, meditated a treacherous betrayal. They declared they had no songs and knew nothing of music, nor did their brothers. One prisoner when approached said: "We are no song-birds, your excellency, even when at liberty; we are birds of prey." Only the most earnest assurances of immunity from the authorities, and promises of reward from the "*barin*" finally induced them to reveal their secret treasures. After a few days' rehearsal, a complete choir, under the direction of a leader chosen by the convicts themselves, gave a concert before Mr. Hartfeld, comprizing the most various songs accompanied by instruments supplied by the authorities, such as bandouras, balalaïkas, accordeons, hautboys, etc.

"Thus began the numerous *séances*, in the course of which the composer collected fragments of so striking an originality, that he had them performed in his concerts—fragments whose prodigious diversity of tonality and rhythms paints with so much fidelity the complex souls of these beings of violent passions."

Besides penetrating the prisons Mr. Hartfeld sought out the escaped convicts and the *brodiags*, or vagabonds who haunt the moss-covered marshes known as *tundras* in the north of Siberia. The 120 melodies and songs of various kinds thus collected he divided into three groups: the songs of prisoners and escaped convicts, those of the unhappy creatures condemned to labor in the mines, and those of the non-Russian subject races, such as the Kirghiz, Aïnos, Samoyeds, Bouriats, etc. Of these melodies Mme. Siénicka says:

"Among the most interesting are those which bear traces of Oriental origin. But in these there are demitones which it is almost impossible to register. The distinguished composer could not transcribe them without having recourse to musical compromises. Also their primitive originality suffered in the execution, since it was necessary to replace the instruments employed by the Siberian races (sviriélis, kiatongs, daïkhés, li, kohisas, etc.), by pianos and harmoniums, in default of players skilled in the use of the former."

In 1909 Hartfeld gave a concert in Kieff to make public the result of his researches. The programs bore such unusual titles as "Songs of the Prison," "Siberia," "The March of Irons," "Accompaniment of Combs, Gongs, etc." Mme. Siénicka was present, and declares that the composer succeeded in producing an extraordinary effect on the audience in spite of the difficulties with which he had been forced to contend. She continues:

"As for the convicts, all musical instruments being proscribed in the jails, they can accompany their voices only with their irons, and with combs! (The use of the latter was taught them by some of the mutinied marines of the *Potemkin*, who were sent to the prison of Tobolsk.) From these Mr. Hartfeld's performers drew sensational effects.

"The 'March of Irons' will linger in my memory forever. Imagine a chorus chanted with closed lips. Sounds thus produced resemble groans. . . . As accompaniment the sharp shrilling of combs, like the wail of the north wind in a bank of reeds. And to mark the rhythm the sinister clanking of the chains shaken by the arms they hold in gyves.

"Unforgettable orchestra! A young girl of sixteen fainted during the execution of this march. Within the hall every face was pale, every lip quivering with emotion.

"The man struck by a punishment so tragic as that of the convict ceases at certain moments to present himself to our minds with his past of degradation and crime, and evokes in us only an image of the sorrowful being whose primitive essence is similar to our own, whose soul bears the seal of a common Creator, and who, despite his faults and his debasement, remains flesh of our flesh.

"And then the Russian prisons do not shelter merely those condemned by the common law. Within these sinister asylums resound also the groans of political prisoners, who bear upon their arms, as do forgers and assassins, the shameful bruises of chains. One can easily imagine, then, the sentiments of an audience which comprized, perhaps, hardly a hundred persons who had not, in some prison or fortress, a brother, a sister, a relative or a friend upon the hearing of that 'March of Irons.'"

In translating some of the songs the writer took care to be as literal as possible in order to preserve the strength, *naïveté*, and flavor of the original, a care imitated by the present translator in the specimens that follow. . . . The first is a song of vagabonds, with hautboys accompaniment.

To-day, when the dawn broke
  I buried my pal.
Not far from the bend of the road
  I put him in the cold grave.

No funeral bells were heard,
  No songs for the dead . . .
But our mother, the frozen earth, took him forever.
  Received him without priest and without candles.

I have kindled upon his tomb
  The trunk of a young birch-tree,
And I have wished for my vagabond pal
  That he may rest in peace.

"Above all, the rhythm of this music is strange," comments Mme. Siénicka. "Strange, too, is the manner in which the singers manage their voices, which they allow to drag on certain notes as if about to die away, finishing by an abrupt cry in which there bursts forth a world of wrath, defiance, or indifference." Thus:

O swamp without end!
  Oh! Oh! Oh!
O swamp without end!
  Oh! Oh! Oh!
I have an ax to strike with;
  I go, I march!
    On!

The wind blows, the wind howls,
  Hou! Hou! Hou!
It chases the black clouds,
  Howl! Chase!
I laugh at it.

But look where an intruder comes!
  I will be polite to him,
I will treat him as a friend.
  And then . . . I will kill him on the spot!

Everybody frightens me!
  Hou! Hou! Hou!
Let nobody try to call me!
  Watch out! Look out!
    Take care!
    On!

This curious and terrible song is one of those sung by the desperate men escaped from the living death of the prisons to the death-in-life of the dismal swamps in the north. We are told that the "*Hou!*" resembles the cry of a wild beast, and that the exclamation rendered "On!"—(perhaps the word "Forward!" might be used)—rings with the wild energy of hate.

Here is one from Tobolsk:

O my fate, my fate,
  My fate, my little fate!
Oh! Why, wicked fate
  Hast thou led me to Siberia?

Thou hast led me to Siberia,
  Into a cold and narrow well,
But there I have found a friend.
  Good day, Friend! I am with thee.

Most pathetic of all is the chant of the escaped convicts when driven by hunger to approach the villages. They enter the door-yards and sing:

O our fathers pitiful!
  O our pitiful mothers!
Help us, we are so unhappy,
  We have known so many sorrows!

Give us in the name of Heaven
  Whatever you can spare.
Help us, poor wanderers
  Aid us, oh brothers.

You will receive in the other world
  A crown of fine gold,
And on this earth we will remember you
  In our prisons, O benefactors!

We lack space to quote the more gentle and plaintive examples given, but add the author's comment on the whole collection:

"More than any psychological study they show the complexity of the human soul—that soul which is still an ocean of enigmas in spite of the meditations of centuries. . . . They show also the dreamy and poetic tendency of the Russian heart, and its need—which is that of most peoples—of translating into songs the sentiments by which it is obsessed."—*Translation made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

APPROPRIATING OUR LITERATURE

A BETTER NAME for Andrew Lang's posthumous book on English Literature would be "Anglo-American Literature," declares Mr. George W. Smalley, for Mr. Lang has made a calm and cool appropriation of what he thinks best in our body of literature and mixt it with the product of the motherland. Most writers have relegated us to an appendix, if they have admitted us at all, but Mr. Lang's method, while not so supercilious, yet seems something like high-handedness to this London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*. "He does it without apology or explanation or remark of any kind. He just assumes that they are English," says the puzzled Mr. Smalley. The Declaration of Independence is not valid, apparently, for purposes of literature. "Whoso writes English, or perhaps even American, must therefore be content to see his output, if good enough to be considered at all, taken over into the English kingdom of letters." In spite of this, Mr. Smalley sums up this work as quite "the best book of the kind there is"—better than Mr. Gosse's four volumes of English literature—and his examination of it is not relegated to the page of book reviews but fills two instalments of his weekly letters. Mr. Smalley proves himself a good patriot, tho expatriated, and is after Mr. Lang with frank words for his shortcomings in the extent and quality of his "appropriations."

THE LAST STAGE OF A RUSSIAN OFFENDER

To-day when the dawn broke
  I buried my pal.
Not far from the bend of the road
  I put him in the cold grave.

"It must be said that Mr. Lang has hardly qualified himself by study to dogmatize on early, or even altogether on late, American Literature. His familiarity with early authors is fragmentary. He mentions casually William Strachey and Captain John Smith. He gives a dozen lines to Cotton Mather. He tells us that religion inspired Jonathan Edwards, of whom it would be truer to say that metaphysical theology of the grimmest kind inspired him. All he can say about Franklin is that 'politics, science, and homely Hesiodic advice occupied him.' Of the 'Autobiography,' one of the most memorable, tho unfinished, in any literature, he seems never to have heard; nor of 'Poor Richard's Almanac,' tho translated into twenty-seven languages and yearly reprinted in England, 1732-1757; whether with or without profit to the British-American author. Nor has he heard of *The Busybody*, which patriots rank with *The Spectator;* nor of the ten volumes of Franklin's complete works, edited by John Bigelow, dealing with political (slavery included), financial, scientific, economic, and other subjects. John Eliot, who translated the Bible into Indian, is forgotten by the translator of Homer into English. Thomas Paine is forgotten, tho 'Common Sense' was a pamphlet to which, in its influence on a great crisis, hardly any other can be compared. Alexander Hamilton has a fame in England as one of the authors of an important publication known as the Constitution of the United States of America; and as the chief author of the 'Federalist' also; but neither of them has attracted Mr. Lang's attention. There was an earlier piece of literature which made a considerable noise in England at the time, and is not yet buried in oblivion; the Declaration of Independence, written by one Thomas Jefferson, whose collected writings run to ten big volumes. Him also Mr. Lang passes in silence."

Mr. Lang was in the way of being himself historian, but, we are told, makes no mention of Bancroft, or Hillard, or Curtis, or Palfrey, or even Parkman; and he is "unaware even of Dr. Woodrow Wilson's 'History of the American People,' on which a good deal of political limelight has lately been thrown." The list of American poets lacks Stedman, Aldrich, Bret Harte, Whitman, and John Hay; and Richard Henry Dana with his Defoe-like "Two Years Before the Mast," "constantly reprinted and constantly read in England," is to Mr. Lang unknown. Mr. Smalley goes on:

"I do not mean to suggest that Lang meant to do less than justice to American writers. The scope of his book may have made it impossible to give a complete account of them. But since he invites his readers to consider Americans as contributors to the Literature of the English Language, he might well enough have taken a more comprehensive glance over the American field. He has dealt with Clarendon not only as a historian but as a statesman; with Burke as orator and political philosopher; with Bolingbroke and Swift in dual capacities. Accepting these standards, is there any reason for omitting from any sketch of American Literature the author of the Gettysburg Address and the Second Inaugural? Is there anywhere any nobler literature than those two pieces? Or is Lincoln a less eminent figure than any English contemporary?

"Nay, if political effect is to be reckoned, as Lang does at times reckon it, a test of literary importance, does not President Cleveland's Venezuelan message deserve a line? I admit that Mr. Cleveland had no sense of literature and was incapable of writing English, but his message was a menace of war and would have brought a war with England had it come from any other than an American pen. Let him have his due. And then our friend Colonel Roosevelt, who has written innumerable volumes full of vast, various, and sometimes correct information, and innumerable state papers of unexampled verbosity; who is a master of commonplaces and, of course, invective—he surely ought to have a niche to himself, since none but himself can be his parallel. Or is it a proof of Mr. Lang's good will to us that his tribute to both Cleveland and Roosevelt is a tribute of silence?"

So far the things of which Mr. Lang is silent. When we consider the judgments he delivers about American authors whom he does include we must keep in mind the "personal note" that sounds in all Mr. Lang's writings. "What he likes, he likes; what he dislikes, he damns," wherever the work may be found:

"If he condemns, it is not because they are American. The impression one gets is that he is rather predisposed to praise. He has, of course, his favorites, but there are Americans in the front rank whom he would reduce to the second. Emerson is one. He chooses to consider Emerson primarily as a poet; which no true Emersonian would. He is one of Lang's group of 'Poets after Wordsworth.' There are other examples which suggest to the reader that his classification is too rigid. He discusses Scott as Poet and Scott as Novelist, separately. You have to combine the two in order to find the complete Sir Walter, and then you do not. Two halves do not make a whole. They remain two halves. Yet Scott is one of his heroes; there is hardly a greater. Emerson suffers by this surgical process far more than Scott. . . . . . .

"He proceeds to liken Emerson's 'English Traits' to the 'American Notes' and 'Martin Chuzzlewit' of Dickens. There are not, in all the literature of travel, books more unlike than Emerson's profound and friendly study of England and Dickens's grotesque caricatures of America. I asked a friend of Mr. Lang if he had studied Emerson, or knew much about him. He answered:

"'I can not tell you. All I can tell you is that he detested him.'"

To Hawthorne, on the other hand, Lang is said to do full justice.

"'He was more certainly the classical author of American fiction than either Thackeray or Dickens is in England.' Nay, in the interests of art, tho in no other, 'the end of Puritanism in New England was to inspire the novels of Nathaniel Hawthorne.' An original view of Puritanism, indeed. But because Hawthorne was 'a genius of the most exquisite nature,' he proved capable of extracting poetry and romance even from Puritanism. "'The Scarlet Letter" is probably his masterpiece,' says Lang, who might well have omitted his 'probably.' If he was 'ill at ease in Europe,' and in the great museums, that was because the monuments of classic and medieval art 'are not at all American, and he was rather bitterly patriotic, one might almost say parochial, in certain moods.' . . . . . .

"Oliver Wendell Holmes comes next to Hawthorne as one of the 'Latest Georgian and Victorian Novelists.' It is mere perversity to consider Holmes primarily as novelist: even with the admission that he was also poet and essayist. In the end, Lang agrees that Holmes's 'enduring fame' rests on his 'Autocrat' and other essays. Why he should classify the 'Autocrat of the Breakfast Table' as an essay is not clear. Here, and indeed throughout his 'History,' are traces of haste or carelessness, or perhaps of a tired mind. His mistakes about Holmes matter little, for he closes with a quotation from Thackeray, in 1858:

"'No man in England can write with Holmes's charming mixture of wit, pathos, and imagination.'

"Between Thackeray and Holmes there was a community of intellectual interest, and from Thackeray's verdict there is no appeal. . . . . . .

"On what he thinks firm ground he describes Poe as not a great but a haunting poet.

"'For poetry deals with life, with action, with passion, with duty, and with the whole of the great spectacle of nature. To the muse of Poe these things are indifferent.'

"That is denying to the poet the right to choose his subjects, and excludes from the domain of poetry matter the claim of which other poets than Poe have vindicated. Is not Coleridge's 'Kubla Khan' poetry? And does not Poe's verse meet Coleridge's definition of poetry: 'The best words in the best order'? However, Lang admits that 'to the singing of dreams he brings such originality of tone and touch as is rare indeed in the poetry of any people.' He thinks Poe has not much honor in his own country; 'or, at least, has more honor in countries not his own.' Not, I should say in England, but certainly in France, where Baudelaire's translation of him is a classic. Lang defends him against Lowell's 'three-fifths of him 's genius,' and asks: 'Where, except in Poe and Hawthorne, was the man with even two-fifths of genius?'

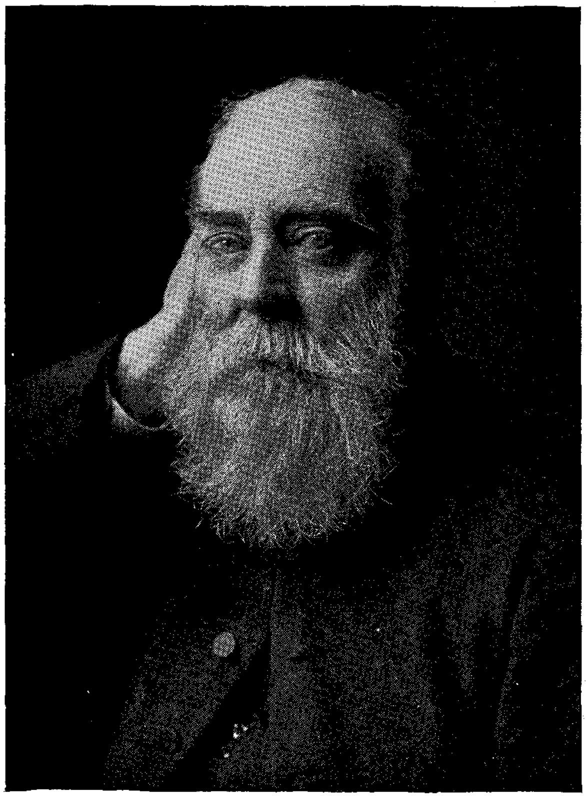
"For Lowell Lang had a personal regard, and thought him as a speaker on literature and art without a rival; while 'in conversation his humor, wit, vast knowledge of men and of books, and his simple, spontaneous kindness, endeared him to all.'

"I think we may all agree that with the spirit of this treatment of American authors we have, as Americans, no quarrel; remote as Lang's opinions sometimes are from ours. Of his History as a whole we and the English may say the same thing. It is a delightful book. . . . Lang does not always lift himself to the height of his subject. He is too often flippant. He lacks reverence. . . . But in learning, in catholicity, in lightness of touch, in real seriousness disguised often by playfulness of mind and temper; in his sincere devotion to literature and in his capacity for presenting to readers, skilled and unskilled, a clear survey of a field too vast for any one explorer, he has come as near as a mortal may to a just, if not always critical, account of English literature."

A GREAT LEXICOGRAPHER

IT IS NOT to suggest an epitaph that Dr. Scott, Chairman of the Simplified Spelling Board, writes of his late great contemporary, Professor Walter W. Skeat, that "He did not even revere *The Athenæum* and he smiled at *The Saturday Review.*" The aptness of the suggestion, however, emphasizes the position Professor Skeat of Cambridge held in England as first president of the Simplified Spelling Society there. It is the opinion of Dr. Charles P. G. Scott that "the death of a great scholar is seldom followed by an adequate statement, in the public press, of his character and achievements." Professor Skeat was, in Dr. Scott's view, "not only one of the great scholars of the world," but also "one of the great public men of the British Empire . . . one of the constructive statesmen of Anglo-Saxon civilization," for "without aggression of arms or push of policy, he extended the domain of British influence and the sway of Anglo-Saxon thought." In the New York *Evening Post* Dr. Scott's estimate is thus exprest:

"He and Dr. Furnivall, acting in accord, the leaders of a willing group of scholars, rescued from obscurity or oblivion the records of six centuries of English literature, and printed, on pages luminous with learning, the forgotten writings of ancient worthies and pioneers. These, the founders and rulers of the Early English Text Society, the Chaucer Society, the New Shakespeare Society, and the English Dialect Society, and other means of publication, restored to England what her negligent kings and stolid aristocracy had allowed to rust in oblivion.


WALTER W. SKEAT.

One of the few who "could read the whole English language."

"By his labors in the line of English etymology alone, Professor Skeat achieved a permanency of fame and benefaction. No one can pursue the study of English etymology without using his works, and following his ways. His ways were the ways of truth, and his works, therefore, rest on the foundations of fact. He used all the kinds of knowledge which he could find; and he knew what was knowledge, and what was guess. He acted and wrote in simplicity of spirit. He was not without a just pride in his achievements. But he did not hesitate to correct his own mistakes. They were, for the most part, mistakes that only a scholar had the ability to commit; and they were trifling in comparison with the extent and importance of his work. They were like the deviations and hesitations of Columbus coasting new shores, or of a Livingstone exploring a dark continent. And like a true scholar, he did not confine his candor to his own errors. He was perfectly willing to use it for the benefit of his erring friends; and he did not refuse it to his critics in the periodicals, which are the resorts of confident amateurs."

For years Professor Skeat contributed to *Notes and Queries* articles on etymology and other matters, and, says Dr. Scott, no contributor was "more interesting or more correct." Other writers "knew also that they had to be careful in their philological statements or else see their statements gently demolished in a later number of that journal by 'Walter W. Skeat.'" He was courageous enough, it is also pointed out, to revise in his later life some of his own earlier statements whose truth he had grown to doubt. Dr. Scott writes further:

"Among the public services of Professor Skeat to the English language, and to the present and future students of that language, should be mentioned, as perhaps the greatest public service, his work for the regulation and simplification of English spelling. He knew English in all its changes from the oldest English or Anglo-Saxon times down. He was of the few Englishmen who could read the whole English language. He had no illusions about the 'spelling of Shakespeare' or the spelling of Shaw. He knew Chaucer and he knew Chesterton, each a child of his age, spelling and other fancies included. He did not even revere *The Athenæum,* and he smiled at *The Saturday Review.* What he sought was truth, accuracy, uniformity, convenience; and, therefore, as a student of English, as an editor of English literature, and especially as an etymologist, he repeatedly recommended and urged the regulation of English spelling. He supported the earlier efforts of the Philological Society, in cooperation with the American Philological Association under the guidance of Professor March and Professor Whitney, to bring about a more enlightened state of public opinion in regard to the modernization of spelling.

"Of course, well-informed persons know, or ought to know, that the whole group of philologists, with the philologists in English at the fore, are unanimous in the opinion that the English spelling, alone of all human inventions, ought not to be kept forever exempt from any improvement; but the ways of improvement and the times and seasons thereof, are, as Professor Skeat knew, subject to debate and to conjecture, and will so remain until a larger body of educated opinion is arrayed on the side of progress. To that end Professor Skeat ceased not to write letters, articles, chapters in books, bearing on this subject. On the formation of the Simplified Spelling Society, he became its president; and when advancing years made it seem necessary for him to diminish somewhat the variety of his work, he retired from the presidency in favor of Professor Murray, the Regius professor of Greek in Oxford University, and became one of the vice-presidents, continuing as a member of the executive committee."

The London *Daily Chronicle* has this interesting note on Professor Skeat's work on the popular dialects, and his theory of the "Cockney":

"The last work issued was one on the 'Place Names of Berkshire'—not a subject that had in it any of the elements of modern popularity, yet a work of intense interest and extraordinary learning, as all will acknowledge whose tastes lie in that direction. It is, indeed, curious that while Professor Skeat's name was most probably unknown to the masses, he nevertheless found in popular dialects, and especially in the Cockney tongue, subjects for some of his most profound thought.

"It is said that he regarded the 'Cockney' style of speech as destined to become the standard for the English language, and that the day was not far off when it would be quite 'good form' among the most highly educated classes to pronounce such words as 'baby' and 'fire' as if they were spelled 'biby' and 'foire.'

"Professor Skeat's most prominent work was the great 'Etymological Dictionary of the English Language,' which he completed in 1882. It has since run through four editions.

"Professor Skeat was born in London, and was educated at King's College School, Highgate School, and Christ's College, and at the age of twenty-five he was Fellow of his college and curate of East Dereham, Norfolk. He was also for a time curate at Godalming, Surrey. He was, in addition to his college fellowship, Litt.D., LL.D., D.C.L., Ph.D., and Fellow of the British Academy."

RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

THE "DREXEL-BIDDLE BIBLE CLASSES"

A FORM of Bible Class Union that has existed less than four years now extends from Arizona to Rhode Island, with Canada and Australia as outlying affiliations. The inspirer of this Union is Mr. A. J. Drexel-Biddle, of Philadelphia, who, up to 1908, figured in many capacities as clubman and man of the world, even as man of letters and amateur sportsman, but not conspicuously in religious work. It was on one winter morning of that year that the Rev. Dr. Floyd Tomkins, of Holy Trinity, received Mr. Biddle as a visitor to his study. "I come to you as my pastor, Dr. Tomkins. I have seen the Great Light, and am going to try to lead a Christian life. Will you give me some definite church work for my fellow men?" What Dr. Tomkins suggested was a Bible class for three young men just then without a teacher. It was a strange activity for the inquirer, who had been long known to him in such capacities as the Rev. George S. Gassner, writer of this article in *The Churchman* (New York), enumerates:

> "He had long known 'Tony' Biddle as a society leader in the most exclusive and fashionable set, a scion of one of the oldest and most honorable families in the land, a man of large means and great generosity, a noted traveler and a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society of London, a patron of literature, and the author of a number of books, a clubman, an all-round athlete, a boxer of wonderful skill and gameness, a lover of all manly sports, a man of irreproachable personal character, but a thorough man of the world, whose life hitherto had been spent in a round of amusement and pleasure."

Mr. Biddle accepted the suggestion, and began to work. "He had no plan in view, no theories to work out." "He simply felt that as a part of a real Christian life he must give not only of his means, but of himself in personal service for the uplift of his fellow men." He has "all the personal qualities of leadership," altho until the development of this movement he had never "found himself." Then,

> "He called the three young men together on February 16, 1908. The original members were Messrs. Judson J. Adams, J. DeWitt Jobborn, and Dr. George I. Laing. The first two gentlemen have been actively identified with the movement as officers ever since—Mr. Adams being the director of the entertainment bureau and Mr. Jobborn the corresponding secretary. The following Sunday several new members appeared, among them being Mr. H. Frederic Wilson, an energetic and devout young business man of the city. He at once entered most heartily into the work, and has been Mr. Biddle's constant colaborer and most helpful associate ever since. Indeed, his whole time, outside of business hours, has been given to the movement for the last year or more.
>
> "By the close of the season the class had grown to fifteen. In the fall, the class, at Dr. Tomkins's request, took charge of the work in the gymnasium. Mr. Wilson became the director and manager of the teams, with Mr. Biddle as a constant adviser and assistant. Young men inclined to athletics were attracted to 'Tony Biddle,' not only because of his athletic frame, but also by his wonderfully genial, magnetic personality. It is no wonder that the gymnasium soon became crowded, and that with such leaders the various athletic teams of Holy Trinity became distinguished in all branches of sports.
>
> "But the Bible class was ever uppermost in Mr. Biddle's mind, and the young men were drawn into it in such numbers that a larger room became necessary. A number were presented for confirmation and became devout communicants and active workers in the church, as well as in the Bible class."

The next year the movement began to spread to other churches in Philadelphia, and affiliations were formed irrespective of denomination. Bible classes of both men and women were organized and largely attended. They were called Drexel-Biddle Bible classes. In 1910 the idea of a league or association among them was broached, bishops and clergymen of Pennsylvania accepted appointments as vice-presidents.

> "But the movement could not be confined to Philadelphia. One of the members of the original class went back to his home in Danville and established a class there, the first outside the city. Soon there were classes in Chester, Pennsylvania, and in Wilmington, Delaware, and inquiries began to pour in from many States.
>
> "About this time, Mr. Biddle, by invitation, attended a meeting held in Providence, Rhode Island. Even the staid New Englanders were stirred by the enthusiasm of the founder, and at Providence, and, a little later, at Boston, a number of classes were formed or affiliated themselves with the movement. Mr. John G. Dolbel, an active churchman of Providence, was appointed managing director for the New England States, and under his wise and enthusiastic leadership the membership has shown a wonderful increase.
>
> "Up to this time Mr. Biddle had been working without any formal organization or definite rules. Early in 1912 it was seen that a formal organization had become necessary if the movement was to have any cohesive power and permanency of existence. A committee was appointed to draw up a form of constitution and by-laws, which was presented, discust, and unanimously adopted at a meeting held in Mr. Biddle's home in Philadelphia, on May 20, 1912. This meeting was thoroughly representative, some twenty ministers being present, representing four denominations, together with about forty laymen, all actively engaged in Bible-class work.
>
> "The constitution is extremely simple, as it was desired to have as little machinery as possible. It provides for the necessary officers and an advisory board, and declares that 'The object of this movement shall be to promote the study of the Bible, to advance the brotherhood of man, and to encourage the unity of the churches,' and provides that 'Any Bible classes connected with any church or any Bible classes that may be formed, may by process of application be admitted.' The annual meeting, with a delegate from each class, is to be held on the first Monday of May in each year.
>
> "The whole movement is singularly free from prescription and routine. A class desiring to affiliate sends a request to Mr. Biddle or to the corresponding secretary, and it is at once enrolled, and given its number. There are no fees, dues or assessments. A class does not lose its name or its individuality in any respect. It may have any form of Bible study that it prefers or finds most helpful. No special scheme of Bible study is required, nor is any particular series of lessons prescribed. Experts are ready, however, to give helpful advice on any of these subjects when requested. Denominational lines are forgotten, or at least not made prominent. Sunshine and helpfulness are leading thoughts, and the whole plan is so exceedingly flexible that it adapts itself to local conditions in every instance."

Rotating leadership within an individual class, interclass visitation, and a spirit of athleticism exprest in competing games are some of the novel features Mr. Biddle has introduced. But—

> "The key-notes of this movement are Christian unity and human brotherhood. The unity of the visible Church of Christ is the absorbing question of the present day. We agree on the essential fundamental truths of the Christian faith, and admit the great need of a closer unity between Christians, but how to secure it is a problem.
>
> "And in the same spirit the classes make the social life an important feature of their work. To them the brotherhood of man means social activity, acquaintance, friendship, good cheer, mutual helpfulness, and uplift. To these aspects and fruits of brotherly love, this movement addresses itself with more energy and earnestness, and especially with more directness of purpose than is usually found. To the younger element especially, this practical application of a sociable and friendly Christianity appeals with great force, and a Drexel-Biddle Bible class, if fully imbued with the spirit of the founder, will go far toward solving the problem as to how to keep the young people, and especially the young men, in the churches."

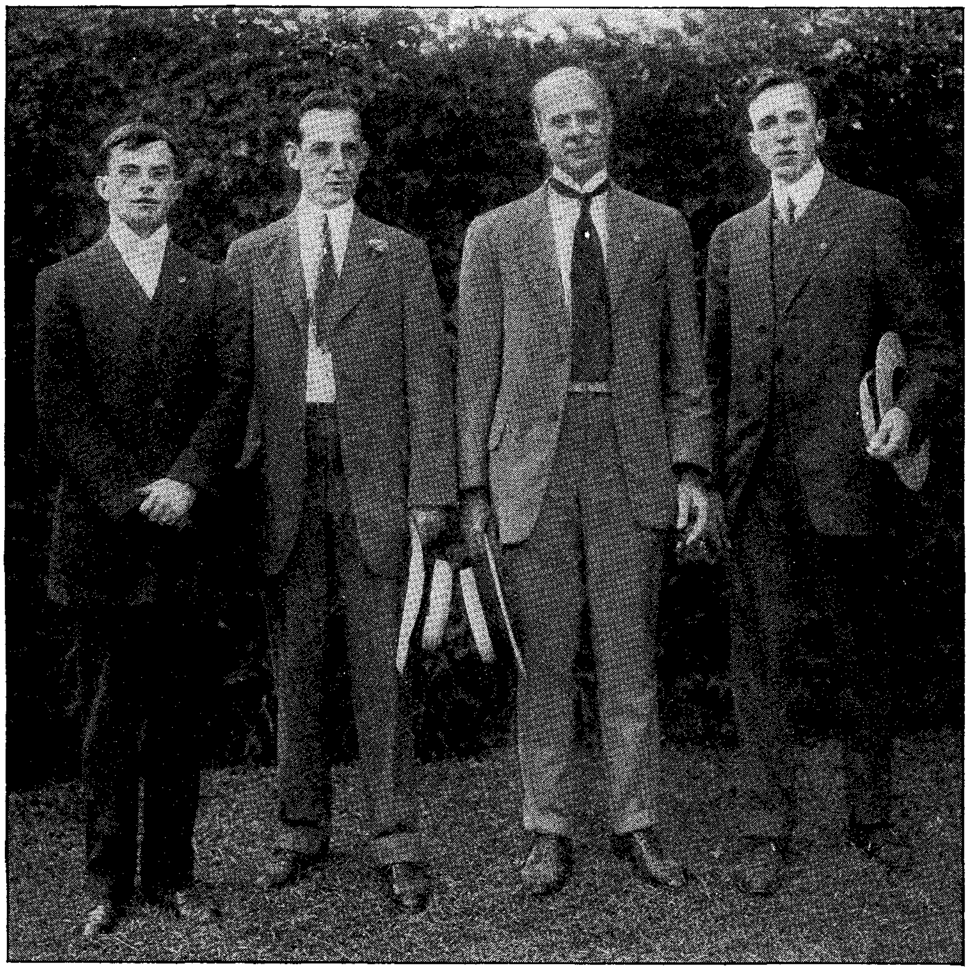
SHOULD DANCING BE MUNICIPALLY ENCOURAGED?

THE SOCIALISTIC RÉGIME in Milwaukee brought about, among other innovations, the inauguration of municipal dance-halls. The Mayor participated in their opening, and so far no public complaint against this method of providing amusement has gone abroad beyond the confines of that pioneer city. Cleveland has within a month or two followed suit, but its enterprise is in a stage too experimental as yet to furnish testimony. San Francisco, now, entertains a proposal from its board of supervisors to add this feature to its corporate life. The proposition is most unfavorably received by *The California Christian Advocate* (San Francisco), and taking up the propositions of the Board's resolutions one by one, it disputes them categorically. Thus:

"The first 'whereas' boldly, loftily states: 'It is one of the highest functions of municipal government to provide for healthful and moral pleasures for the residents of the city.' We doubt the statement, specially the 'pleasures' here contemplated. The city certainly has the duty and obligation to provide parks and breathing-places in the midst of a great city, children's playgrounds and instructive libraries and such, but we think it is perfectly apparent that the city government is under no obligations to provide for those pleasures which are not available to all the residents of the city on an equal basis. Then, again, the city government is under no obligation to provide those forms of pleasure which are not in accord with righteousness. The theory of the first 'whereas' is not conclusive by any means.

"The second 'whereas' declares 'Dancing is and has been for centuries one of the highest forms of art and universal pleasure participated in by all nations.' There are two or three things to be said about this 'whereas.' Taken from any angle of vision it is not true. Dancing has rarely ever been free from low animalism. It usually appeals abnormally to the lower and baser passions of mankind. There are exceptions, but the rule is that dancing is a rhythmical movement appealing with dominant emphasis to the physical and sensuous basis of human nature. Art to be art should refine human nature, stimulate the higher feelings of mankind. Dancing is essentially a moral hazard, too great we think to be promiscuously practised. The statement that 'dancing has been participated in by all nations' is misleading. Strictly speaking no civilized nation as a nation authorizes or enjoins dancing. Inaugural balls have been 'winked at' and permitted, but against the moral consensus of the thoughtful and devout people. The appeal to an alleged universal national practise is as unfortunate as it is untrue. One of the chief sources of vice in the very city over which the Honorable Board of Supervisors presides is the presence of numerous dance-halls. It would have been nearer the truth if the 'whereas' had stated that dancing is and has been a universal menace to virtue and decency throughout every city and every community where it is participated in. Dancing is an open door through which a great multitude of young people go to moral, spiritual, and physical death.

"The third 'whereas' states that 'the desire for dancing is inherent in our people.' There is room for two opinions as to the complimentary character of this statement. There are a good many things inherent in human nature, even in 'our people' which should not be encouraged. Not everything inherent is to be indulged in. There is a lot of mischief in 'our people' that should be repressed. There is something warm and solicitous in the terms 'our people.' If the Board of Supervisors only knew it there are hundreds and thousands of broken hearts among 'our people' caused by this 'inherent desire to dance.'"



Courtesy of "The Churchman," New York.

LEADERS OF THE DREXEL-BIDDLE CLASSES.

Beginning with the reader's left are J. D. W. Jobborn, corresponding secretary, J. J. Adams, A. J. Drexel-Biddle, founder and president, and H. F. Wilson, managing director for the Middle Atlantic States. Messrs. Jobborn and Adams were two of the three original members of the class.

This journal accuses the Board of Supervisors of having "contravened the highest moral convictions of nine-tenths of the sober, thoughtful people" of San Francisco. It furthermore "challenges their right to tax the people for such a form of pleasure."

"It is certainly not proposed to provide for all who might want to dance. That in the very nature of the case would be impossible. Certainly the rough and vicious contingency would have to be excluded. What method could be employed to effectually exclude them?

"The ink is scarcely dry on the pages of minutes of the meeting of the Board of Supervisors wherein attempts are made to suppress dancing. There are petitions piled high on the tables of the Board asking for relief from the dancing menace. The womanhood of the city should speak up promptly and strongly.

"The resolution passed by the Board of Supervisors was referred to the Committee on Public Welfare and to the Committee on Finance to devise a plan, ways, and means for the creation and maintenance of a public dance, wherein the municipal band may supply proper music. This is an invitation to every scamp in reach of the city to practise his 'fine' art of deception and betrayal. The proposal is a public menace. We go to press too soon to publish the action of the committees on Public Welfare and Finance. We hope for the credit of the city that the Board of Supervisors will withdraw the resolution. Next to the public recognition of the social vice this proposal to establish and maintain a public dance must be placed."

FIGHTING VICE SEGREGATION IN CHICAGO

CHICAGO, Denver, Atlanta, and Pittsburg are in the throes of vigorous vice crusades, but the most drastic action has been taken by Chicago and Atlanta. In these cities, where the segregated district has been long recognized and only under such supervision as the police chose to bestow, a sudden move to abolish this area of vice has been made. Chicago, we read, has been feeling the need of explosive action ever since the publication of the report of its Vice Commission, rendered in April, 1911. In the past weeks matters moved rapidly to a crisis. Mayor Carter H. Harrison, after taking office last April, effected some reform in the matter of openly flaunted vice. Conditions at once improved on the streets throughout the city, says Graham Taylor in *The Survey* (October 26), and the segregated district of the West Side, which was surrounded by a vast tenement population, was promptly and effectively closed up. But the disreputable characters thus dislodged flocked to the larger segregated district of the South Side, which thereby grew rapidly both in density and extent. Some of Chicago's recent efforts to bring about the crisis are discust by Mr. Taylor:

"Two expressions of public determination to make an end of this situation preceded and precipitated official action. A 'clean city' demonstration was made again, as it was last year about this time. Such spectacular displays do not appeal to all who oppose and fight against such evil conditions in ways which seem to them more effective. Nevertheless, this procession rallied 5,000 people on a rainy day to march through the streets with banners and floats, and it made its own impression upon the city. But it was the vigorous and persistent attacks by Virginia Brooks on the equally vicious conditions in the outlying town of West Hammond which forced the hand of the county authorities. By this exercise of her right and fulfilment of her duties as a property owner there, this young woman has provoked official action affecting the city and suburb alike.

"Charged by her directly before the grand jury and in the public press not only with responsibility for the existence of these illegal conditions, but with defeating attempts to get legal aid to improve them, the State's attorney took sudden and drastic action. He issued hundreds of warrants for the arrest of the keepers and inmates of disorderly resorts in the segregated district of the South Side and closed up almost all of them within a week. Spectacular citations by *capias* were also issued upon owners and agents of properties used for illegal purposes."

As usual in such spasmodic and cyclonic movements of personal and political motives upon the part of rival partizan public officials, says Mr. Taylor, the results are very mixt and the situation is even more complicated from the point of view which takes into account the human interests and the public welfare involved. He declares the suspicion to exist that "this complication is not regretted, not to say aided and abetted, by both sets of officials responsible for the situation as it was and is":

"Hundreds of the women inmates, thus suddenly thrown out of the resorts, appeared upon the streets, in largest numbers where the big business and the best residences made them most conspicuous and their presence most annoying. They applied to rent rooms and flats in buildings and in sections of the city where it is not likely that many of them would have thought of applying had it not been suggested to them. Through the streets of the district, and past the dark and locked houses from which they had been driven, hordes of men roamed wantonly about, rushing after the patrol wagons, and in the intervals trying the doors and entering the houses which ventured to keep open while waiting their turn for arrest. Plain clothes 'detectives' swarmed over the district, doing little or nothing to disperse the disgraceful exhibition which these gangs of men made of themselves, but alert to discover and play up in the papers any hapless 'reformer' and 'uplifter' to be found there after dark. Salvation Army and other evangelistic groups added their songs, banners, and excited appeals to the indescribable confusion of the sordid and morbid midnight scene.

"Out of it all some permanent good is resulting. It has been shown that the segregated district can be summarily closed, and therefore can be permanently abolished. The officers of the law and the courts who can do it, who are doing it, or who have done it are officially and personally designated. The 'special interest' of commercialized vice, altho estimated by the vice commission as amounting to $15,000,000 a year, has not proved itself able to protect itself from all the legal resources at the command of the community. The aggressive, well-manned and managed agencies fighting commercialized vice and struggling to rescue and defend its victims have demonstrated the power of public sentiment, when only partially organized, to enforce the law, even by the hands of reluctant and pliant officials at odds with each other. The women who have led the forlorn hope in keeping open ways of escape from the human shambles protected by the authorities, into refuges and homes for their 'fallen' sisters who seek to rise, have had their inadequate support sufficiently increased to warrant them in offering to take in any woman who is either out on the streets or who is in worse durance within doors.

"Thus far, however, few if any of the dislodged women have taken advantage of this offer. They are supposed to be temporarily cared for by the resort-keepers in hope of an early resumption of their illicit traffic.

"The real estate dealers and agents are taking steps to present a solid front against the encroachment of denizens from the closed district upon residential sections and other buildings under their care. . . .

"At the call of Clifford W. Barnes, chairman of the Committee of Fifteen and head of the Sunday Evening Club, a mass meeting was held in Orchestra Hall to protest against further tolerance of the segregated district.

"But the best of all is this public demonstration of the shame, irrationality, and futility of such a planless, purposeless spasm of law enforcement, without any preparation or provision for controlling its immediate effects so as to reduce the harm to the minimum and to secure the permanent good of the community and the individuals involved. If anything were needed to prove beyond question the necessity of some public policy toward the social evil—such as the Vice Commission recommended, or any other policy that would be better than none—the present situation exhibits it. It will be worth all it costs if the self-respect of the great city shall at last be awakened and aroused to the point of demanding the mayor's serious consideration of the vice commission's recommendations and the serious and sustained enforcement of the law at the hands of the police, the State's attorney, and the courts. The mayor's preposterous proposition of a referendum vote to record the people's preference for or against the segregation of vice, in direct contravention of the statute law, is likely to be anticipated by an imperative mandate of public opinion, which will be heard and heeded by him and all officials whose sworn duty it is to enforce the law."

Later than these efforts has been an action taken by the City Council of Chicago appointing a committee of nine aldermen to investigate and report recommendations. Seemingly ignoring the already published report of the Vice Commission, the city council voted—

"To take up the investigation of the social evil in a thorough and systematic manner in all its phases, causes, and cures, and, based upon the findings of such investigation, make recommendations to this body, as to its elimination or segregation, or otherwise, as may be deemed most advisable by this committee; and that the committee make its report to this body as soon as it conveniently can do so after thoroughly investigating the subject."

To the request of some members of this committee that the State's attorney should allow the reopening of the segregated district for thirty days while the investigation is being made, that official promptly and emphatically declined to do so, asserting that while he was in office, every disorderly house there or anywhere else in the city would be closed and kept closed.

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Druggists	use and sell Calox because they know the value of oxygen in a dentifrice and the delightful sense of freshness and purity that follows its use.
Nurses	use Calox for themselves and for their patients because it keeps the whole mouth fresh and clean, the breath sweet, and by destroying disease germs helps the patient to regain health and keeps the nurse from contracting infectious illness.
Health Officers, Sanitarians,	recommend it because many diseases are water-borne and the sterilizing action of Calox upon water prevents risk of contracting diseases from water used for washing the mouth.

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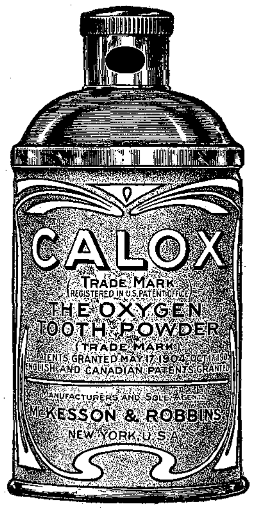
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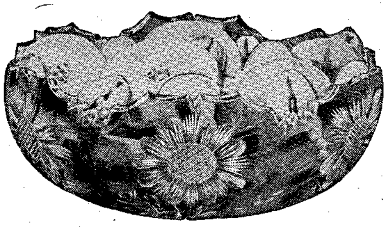

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The grains have a flavor like toasted nuts, and they form a delightful blend.

Or serve the grains simply with sugar and cream.

These are enticing morsels, thin-walled, porous, crisp. See how folks enjoy them.

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Serve these airy wafers in bowls of milk.

They are exceedingly porous. They are whole-grain foods. And they have an almond taste.

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Millions Began That Way

That's how countless people were forever won to these enticing foods.

They found them once on the morning table. And they never forgot the taste.

Now a million dishes every day are eaten by those who have found them out.

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are Prof. Anderson's foods. They are steam-exploded grains.

A terrific heat gives the nut-like taste. The explosion makes them porous.

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

THE FAMILY OF THE HORSE

Lydekker, Richard. The Horse and Its Relatives. Cloth. 8vo, 286 pp. Illustrated. New York: Macmillan Co. $2.60 net.

Since Col. Hamilton Smith contributed his volume on Horses to the "Naturalist's Library," about 1840, an amount of knowledge of the history of the species, and of its domestication, has been obtained which would astonish him and his friends. Marsh and Cope and Osborn have worked out the family pedigree from its paleontological beginnings, Flower and others have elucidated its anatomy, and Ewart, Ridgeway, and the German archeologists have studied its history in relation to man. No one is better prepared than Dr. Lydekker to digest this new and varied information and utilize it constructively for the unlearned; and he has made a book which is a real addition not only to the literature of the horse, but to that of general zoology.

After a comprehensive account of the structure of the horse, and its position in the animal kingdom, he turns to the theme which occupies the bulk of the volume—the history of the part this animal has borne in the history of civilization. Here the reader will find the latest researches summarized and discust with liberal intelligence. None of these has thrown more light upon the primitive home and character of our horses, and the beginnings of their service to mankind, than the work of the American explorers, Pumpelly, Schmidt and their assistants in Turkestan, as interpreted by Professor Duerst of Geneva; and by this light the history of the modern horse, other than the Arab, seems now quite clear. Its original home was undoubtedly the steppes of Western-central Asia, whence it spread abroad, undergoing modifications of structure as the species gradually adapted itself to local conditions. in forested Europe and elsewhere. In the rare Przevalsky's horse of the Gobi desert there still remains a wild animal substantially the same as that known to the earliest men. The discussion of the various forms of the animal, past and present, and of its progress toward its modern domestic races, is full, satisfactory, and interesting. As for the Arab, its early history is more obscure. One hypothesis derives it from the same source as the northern horses, and attributes to its desert habitat and to selective breeding the peculiar characteristics it possesses. Dr. Lydekker, however, inclines to the other view, namely, that it represents a separate and extinct species, now much modified. The most highly developed breeds of our present stock owe their excellence to the union, since Roman times, of the northern horse with the Arabian.

Taking it altogether, and not forgetting its admirable illustrations, few more interesting scientific books have been issued within the past decade. It is admirably indexed.

SOCIAL HYGIENE

Ellis, Havelock. The Task of Social Hygiene. Cloth. Pp. xv–414. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50 net.

Havelock Ellis is one of the most suggestive writers, on scientific subjects of a popular character, in the English language. This book will add to his reputation in this respect, and to the obligations of the English-speaking world. The author's outlook is broadly historical, scientific, and, withal, practical and humanitarian. He views the horizon of his subject from the days of Plato and Rabelais, Campanella and More. He goes into a scholarly analysis of the changing status of women, the new aspect of the woman's movement, the emancipation of women in relation to romantic love, the significance of the falling birth-rate, eugenics and love, religion and the child, the problem of sexual hygiene, immorality and the law, the war against war, the problem of an international language, and individualism and Socialism. Throughout the book, there is infused the spirit of the author's prefatory words that "The study of social hygiene means the study of those things which concern the welfare of human beings living in societies."

There is probably not a man living better fitted for writing such a book, and there is certainly nothing in the English language more likely to interest, instruct, and help the average intelligent reader to an understanding of the subject of social hygiene. As an illustration of the author's spirit and method, one may take the chapter on the woman's movement. Writing as an Englishman, in the thick of the suffragette agitation, we find him saying in connection with the protest against women being merely "charming" in their relations with men: "If 'charm' is to be understood in so narrow and conventionalized a sense that it means something incompatible with the developed natural activities, whether of the soul or of the body, then such a protest is amply justified. But in the larger sense, 'charm'—which means the power to effect work without employing brute force—is indispensable to women. Charm is a woman's strength just as strength is a man's charm. And the justification for women in this matter is that herein they represent the progress of civilization." And, again: "But the immense advantage of the activity of the suffragettes has been indirect. It has enabled the great mass of ordinary sensible women who neither join Suffrage societies nor anti-Suffrage societies to think for themselves on this question."

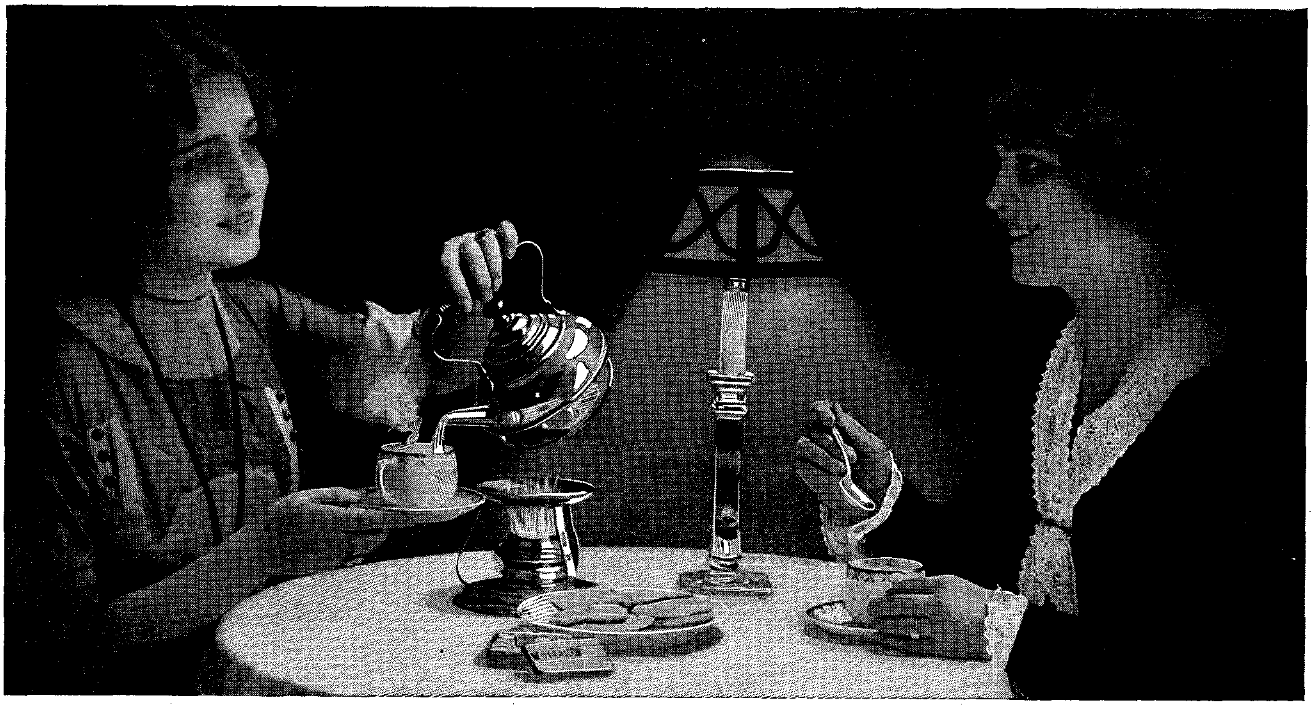
OTHER BOOKS WORTH WHILE

Butt, Major Archibald W. Both Sides of the Shield. Pp. 155. London and Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1912. $1.

Perhaps the most interesting thing in this little book is the high tribute paid to Major Butt in a foreword by President William H. Taft, who ascribes to his former aide, the young hero who met an untimely death when the great ship *Titanic* sank, every attractive quality of manhood. Following this tribute is a short sketch of the young officer's life, calling attention to his journalistic career, his skill in solving army transportation problems, and his record of military achievements.

Major Butt's story itself is short, sweet and satisfactory. The hero, a young journalist, is sent South on a commission to write a series of letters on educational and

(*Continued on page* 852)



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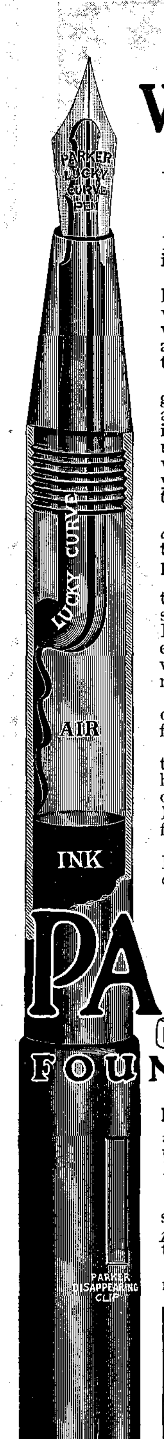

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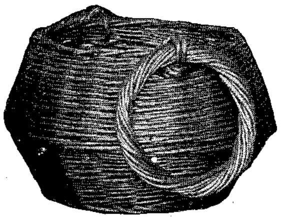

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

(*Continued from page* 850)

social conditions of the section, and finding himself a welcome guest in a typical Southern home, falls deeply in love with the daughter of the house. There have to be complications to make a real novel, and the hero's use of the lives of his host's family as material for his letters is enough to create a misunderstanding and a temporary estrangement. Major Butt has told the story with simplicity and directness—his descriptions are graphic and his characters consistent. Love conquers at last, but just how the reader must find out for himself.

Schauffler, Rachel Capen. The Goodly Fellowship. Pp. 325. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1912. $1.25 net.

Miss Schauffler's life, as the daughter of a missionary, has given her the knowledge and enthusiasm which contribute so much power and sincerity to this novel set in a Persian background. It contains many interesting facts about the country and the treachery and vindictiveness of some of the natives. The heroine, Jean Stuart, a wealthy tourist circling the globe, is unavoidably and unexpectedly left alone with a native courier. In her attempt to reach Marumna, after a most exciting and dramatic experience, she is rescued by Thorley Prescott from the mission station, but the native, thwarted, vows vengeance, and furnishes plenty of trouble throughout the narrative.

The author has done some clever work in her description of the little band of missionaries, from the noble earnest worker to the less agreeable characters who always attach themselves to a "cause." While she naturally gives some details of the needs and problems of the missionaries, it is all attractive reading. She tells an intense, vital love-story with dramatic situations, convincing charm, and engrossing complications. Through her love for Thorley and her contact with the earnest lives about her Jean changes from a heedless social butterfly to a thoughtful woman willing to devote her life and wealth to the help of the sick, the needy, and the unenlightened.

Meredith, George. The Poetical Works of. With notes by G. M. Trevelyan. 8vo, pp. 623. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2 net.

The justification of this book is that it is the first complete edition of George Meredith's poetry in one volume. The text is that of Scribner's Memorial Edition, and the order is practically the same as in that edition. The editor, Mr. George Macaulay Trevelyan, has written a few explanatory notes, those referring to "Modern Love" giving an interesting interpretation of this remarkable sonnet series. One is glad to find in an appendix the first (1851) version of "Love in the Valley," which many discriminating readers prefer to the longer revision made some years later. Of the general appearance, paper, type, etc., there is nothing to be said except in commendation.

Train, Arthur, formerly Assistant District Attorney, New York County. **Courts, Criminals, and the Camorra.** Pp. 253. 1912. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

This book is well written and it is printed on good paper, with generous margins. The three chief divisions into which it is divided each brings out important parts of the respective topics; for instance, under *Courts:* "The pleasant fiction of the presumption of innocence"; "Preparing a criminal case for trial"; Sensationalism and jury trials." Under *Criminals* we have, "Why do men kill?"; "Detectives and others"; "Detectives who detect." The *Camorra* finally brings before us "The Camorra of Italy"; "An American lawyer at Viterbo"; "The Mala Vita in America." The longest part is that dealing with the Camorra, to which over one hundred pages are devoted.

The reviewer frankly confesses that he is at a loss to discern the purpose of the book. It is certainly not information to young lawyers nor to detectives, since in that case it ought to have been more systematically arranged. Nor is it a history of any of the three subjects which form the main divisions, since it is too short for that. The only purpose it can serve is to beguile a few hours of interesting reading, and in that respect it is inferior to a good detective novel. It is, however, superior to the latter, in giving facts of actual crimes and their detection by various methods, or rather procedures, since Mr. Train does not seem to believe in definite rules in the business of a detective. Quick wit, ability to coordinate apparently irrelevant and disconnected pieces of information, seem more trustworthy. To those who are inclined to idle away a few hours with reading that kind of information, the book may be commended; others may prefer good fiction or more solid information.

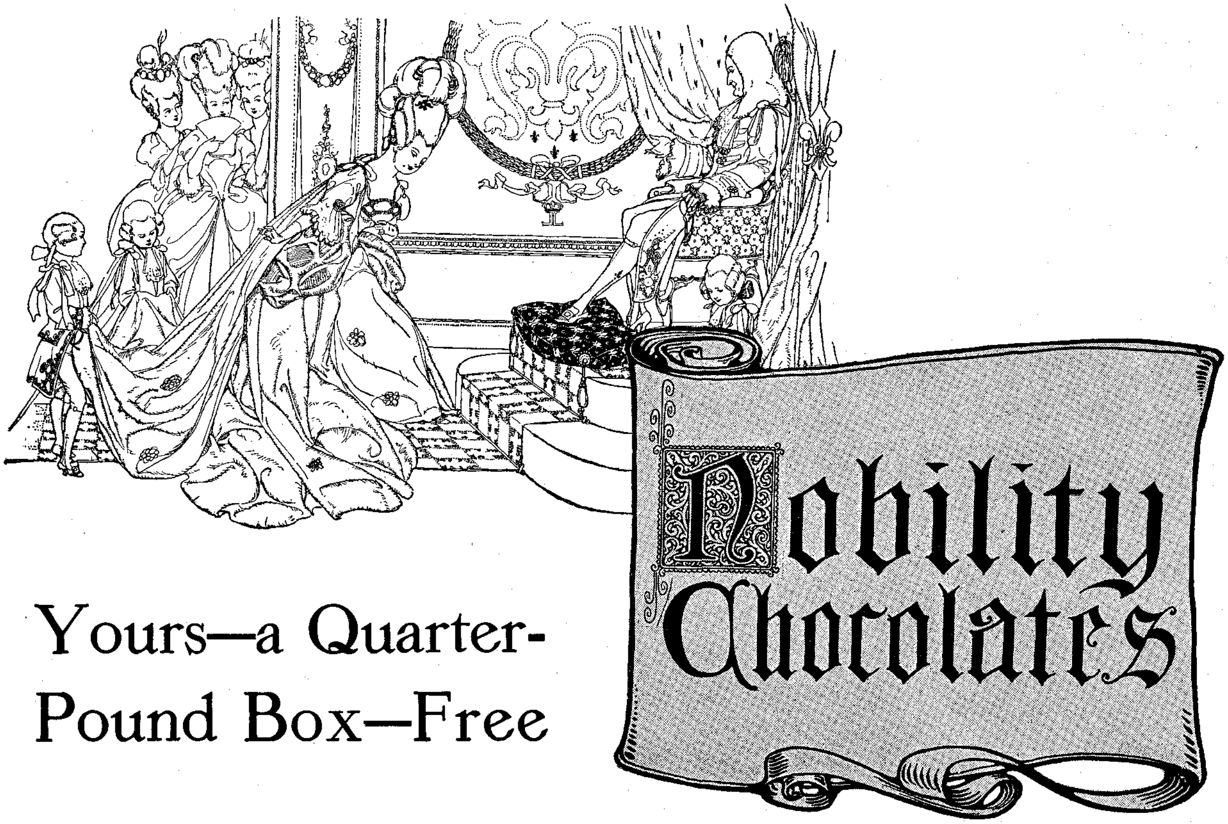
Jordan, David Starr, President of Stanford University. **Unseen Empire.** Pp. 211. 1912. Boston: American Unitarian Association. $1.50 net.

The subtitle of this book reads very significantly: "A study of the plight of nations that do not pay their debts." If we are to believe our author—and no open-minded reader can deny the facts quoted—ruin will inevitably overcome the nations which glory in the preparation for war to the extent of hundreds of millions of dollars, merely for the purpose of "showing the other fellow" that he is able to keep pace with the other's expenditure for war. For this costly, foolish, and useless expenditure is never to result in a war among the great nations, since the "Unseen Empire" of finance and commerce has set its face against such a war as destructive of the international relations of this "unseen Empire."

Most of the threatened wars of the last few years between France and Germany and Germany and Great Britain have really been prevented by these international forces of finance. The only financial interests that still clamor for *war preparations*, mind you, not necessarily war, are the armament makers of Europe. The combined capitalization of six English firms is $137,800,000, and the most important of these (Vickers, Sons & Maxim) has among its stockholders and directors 2 dukes, 2 marquises, 50 earls or barons, 15 baronets, 5 knights, 21 military or naval officers, 6 journalists, etc. It is easy to see how these socially influential people may affect expenditures for war preparations. The Krupp Company of Germany cheerfully declares dividends of 25 per cent. since its agents are active all over Europe selling arms and cannons to already impoverished nations. The book is full of valuable facts, and should be read by many.

(*Continued on page* 856)

A Quarter-Pound Box—To Try



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Nobility Chocolates, $1.00 a Pound

"SATISFACTION BOX"—FREE

Simply send us the postage (10 cents) with your name and address and the name of your dealer and you will receive a "Satisfaction Box"—one-quarter pound of Nobility Chocolates by return mail.

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From 12 Blades

Guaranteed

(2 Mills to 1 Cent Per Shave Guaranteed)

THE AutoStrop Safety Razor is not a blade-vending machine. It's a blade-saving, head-barber-shaving razor.

If shavers will only realize that *stropping* is as necessary to shaving as a gas engine is to an automobile, then shavers will realize *why* we can make the following Guarantee, and why we can guarantee every one of the 500 shaves to be a *Head Barber Shave.*

THE 500 SHAVE GUARANTEE

ANY shaver failing to get 500 Head Barber shaves from a package of 12 AutoStrop blades, may return his 12 blades to us, state how many shaves he is short, and we will send him enough new blades to make good his shortage.

First cost (razor 12 blades and strop); $5 ÷ 500 = 1 cent per shave.

Cost after first 500 shaves (12 new blades); $1 ÷ 500 = 2 mills per shave.

Nothing wonderful about this guarantee, as AutoStroppers often get 500 shaves from *one* blade. There isn't a Head Barber in the world who wouldn't guarantee to give you 500 Head Barber shaves from 12 of his blades. Because his expert stropping not only sharpens the keenest edge possible, but keeps it sharp for scores of shaves. The AutoStrop Safety Razor is a *mechanical Head Barber*, which makes everyone able to strop as expertly as a Head Barber, and as speedily and easily, because both stropping and shaving are done *without detaching blade.*

The AutoStrop Safety Razor consists of silver-plated, self-stropping razor, 12 blades and strop in smart case. Price $5. Same price in Canada and the United States. Factories in both countries. Send for Catalog.

Don't hesitate in asking the dealer to sell you an AutoStrop Safety Razor on 30 days' free trial. We protect him from loss should you take the razor back.

Ben Franklin would say: "Have you an AutoStrop Razor to get *tomorrow?* Get it *today!*"

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, 346 Fifth Ave., New York; 400 Richmond St. W., Toronto; 61 New Oxford St., London; Schleusenbrucke No. 8, Hamburg.

This wooden man is used in AutoStrop window displays. He shows you how to strop AutoStrop blades to Head Barber edges.

If a wooden man can do it you can

AutoStrop Safety Razor

Christmas

Give "Him" Guaranteed Shaving

GIVE "him" a Christmas present that means 500 days of constant use—500 daily reminders of *you.*

Give him an AutoStrop Safety Razor, which *guarantees* 500 Head Barber shaves from one set of 12 blades. Read our Guarantee on opposite page.

The AutoStrop Safety Razor is not only a practical gift but a handsome one as well. Standard set consists of silver-plated, self-stropping razor, 12 blades of finest steel, and horsehide strop, in handsome leather or metal case, price $5. With gold-plated razor only $5.50.

Combination gift sets, containing soap, brush and toilet articles, etc., $6.50 to $25. Our catalog shows many attractive styles. Send for it.

AutoStrop Safety Razors are sold *on trial.* If unsatisfactory in any way, dealer cheerfully refunds, as we protect him from loss. So, if "he" shouldn't like his AutoStrop Razor, you can easily take it back to the store after Christmas.

But he *will* like it, and will be everlastingly grateful to you for its economy and fine shaving.

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Remember: *only the AutoStrop Safety Razor* guarantees Head Barber shaves at 2 mills to 1 cent per shave.

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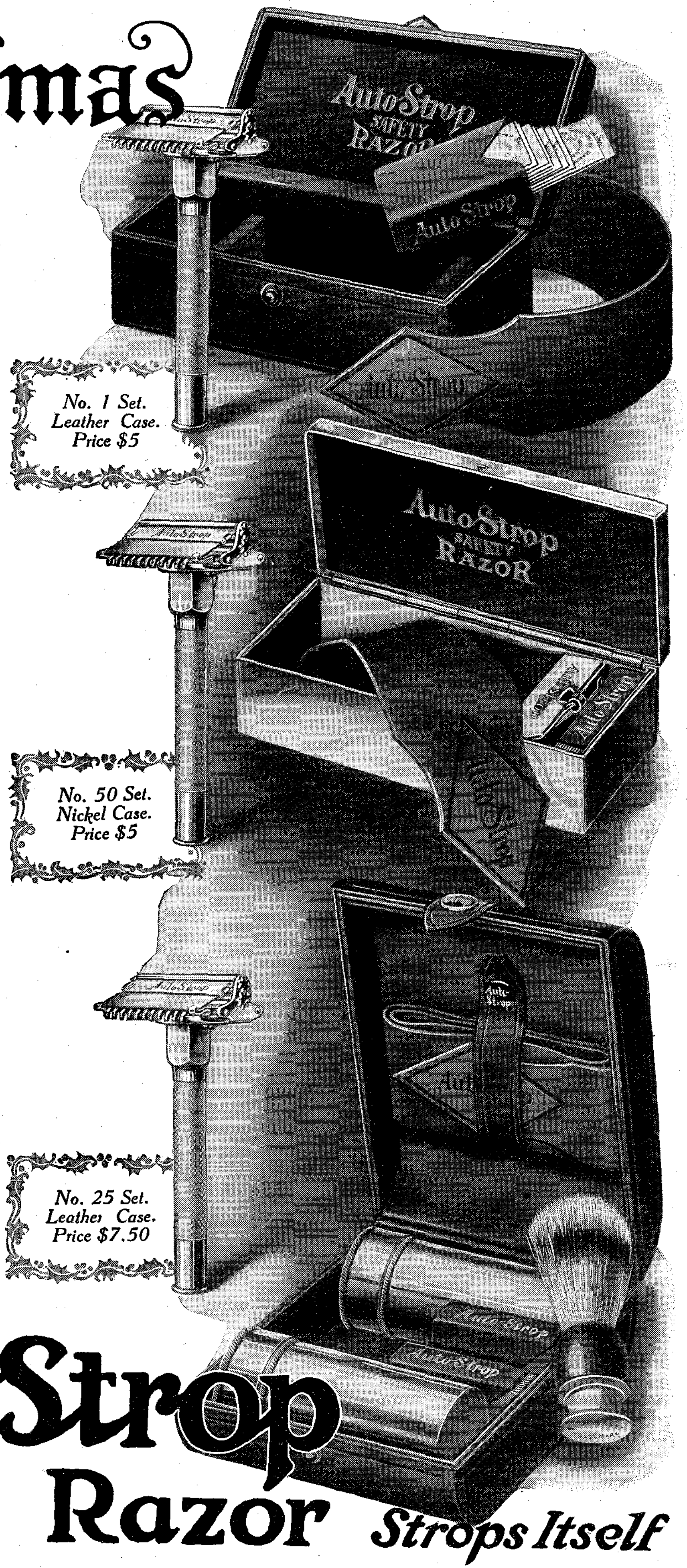
AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO.,
346 Fifth Ave., New York; Toronto; London



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When you drink Londonderry, you instinctively say: "This is the best water in the world." And right you are.

Londonderry is as good as it is pure.

It is the water you and yours should always drink.

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378 Main Street Buffalo, N. Y.
"Everything Sold on the Money Back Plan."

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

(*Continued from page* 852)

Jackson, F. Hamilton. Rambles in the Pyrenees. 8vo, pp. 419. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $6 net.

The author of this handsome volume enjoys a reputation in London, not only as an easel painter but as an ecclesiastical decorator and lecturer. The present work exhibits his learning, as well as his taste, He seems to have confined his travels and descriptions to those districts of the French side of the Pyrenees which are least known to modern travelers. He shows how French art overflowed from the school of Toulouse, until it flooded Modern Spain with skilful ecclesiastical sculptors such as made Gothic the heritage of Navarre, Aragon, and Catalonia, while the debased and gaudy renaissance style reigned in Central Spain. After the Albigensian massacres the progress of ecclesiastical art was blighted, for the learned, artistic, and liberal court of the counts of Toulouse was swept away. Roussillon and Catalonia, as our author shows, succeeded as centers of artistic influence where the courts of the Kings of Majorca spread the same kind of artistic cultivation, until the establishment of the Inquisition by Ferdinand and Isabella, which killed artistic inspiration of every kind.

This is a brief outline of the path taken by Mr. Jackson in his survey of the French Pyrenees. He takes us to all the principal towns and villages of this most interesting region, describing in detail their buildings and monuments. It is to be hoped that many who have the opportunity will follow his lead, read his book, and enter upon a new world of beautiful scenery, marvelous ecclesiastical art, and a population of peasantry unexcelled for their courtesy, industry, and contentment. The illustrations are not the least interesting and valuable feature in Mr. Jackson's book. The plans of churches and other buildings are mostly the work of the author himself, and the half-tones and line-drawings are admirable.

D'Auvergne, Edmund B. Switzerland in Sunshine and Snow. 8vo, pp. 307. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.

Mr. D'Auvergne has succeeded in weaving together in a harmonious and brilliant tissue accounts of the history, scenery, and traveling adventures of an enthusiastic lover of Switzerland. The little Republic is well known to experienced American travelers, many of whom have climbed its mountain peaks and lingered on the shores of its lakes. It is, however, quite the exception for a seeker after scenery or adventure to pay much attention to the romantic history of Helvetia—for it is a romantic history, and has imprest itself so deeply on the mind of its people that their enthusiastic patriotism has burgeoned out into the splendid flower of fable. Concerning the myth of Tell this author prettily says:

"The apple has played an important part in the world's history. In the fruit kingdom it reigns in proud sovereignty. . . . At great events of history the human mind has always called in the lowly yet homely apple. First the unfortunate *dénouement* of the garden scene of the Eden tragedy; then the rape of Helen and the Trojan War; and last, assuredly not least, the tumult of the Swiss war of freedom. Placid, succulent fruit of discord. . . . But why carp at the details of a picturesque story, when, alas! criticism with its heavy foot dogs the nimble steps of the romancer."

But Switzerland has many authentic incidents of her people's heroism and independence, which this author dwells upon in his own charming style. His descriptions of scenery are emphasized by thirty-six plates in color and half-tone. The book is completed by a good index.

Nolen, John. Replanning Small Cities. 8vo, pp. 218. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $2.50 net.

The author of this book, who is fellow of the American Society of Landscape Architects, shows how the time for improving urban places of residence and business is when they are young and small. He gives as examples in the proposed replanning and practically the rebuilding of Roanoke, San Diego, Montclair, Glen Ridge, and Madison. His essays are very practical, full of valuable information and amply illustrated by plans and half-tone photographic reproductions. The movement which he advocates is best outlined in his own words:

"Town planning is not a movement to make towns beautiful in a superficial sense. Its purposes are fundamental. It aims consciously to provide those facilities that are for the common good that concern everybody; it seeks to save waste, the almost incalculable waste due to unskilful and planless proceedings, for by doing things at the right time and in the right way comprehensive city planning saves far more than its cost. It endeavors also to establish the individuality of a city—to catch its peculiar spirit, to preserve its distinctive flavor, to accent its particular physical situation."

The book is timely when so much suburban property is being taken up and built upon, and so many park plots and lots are being offered by real-estate dealers. Every park planner and every village president or trustee should read this excellent treatise.

Swift, Edgar James. Youth and the Race. Cloth. Pp. viii–342. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

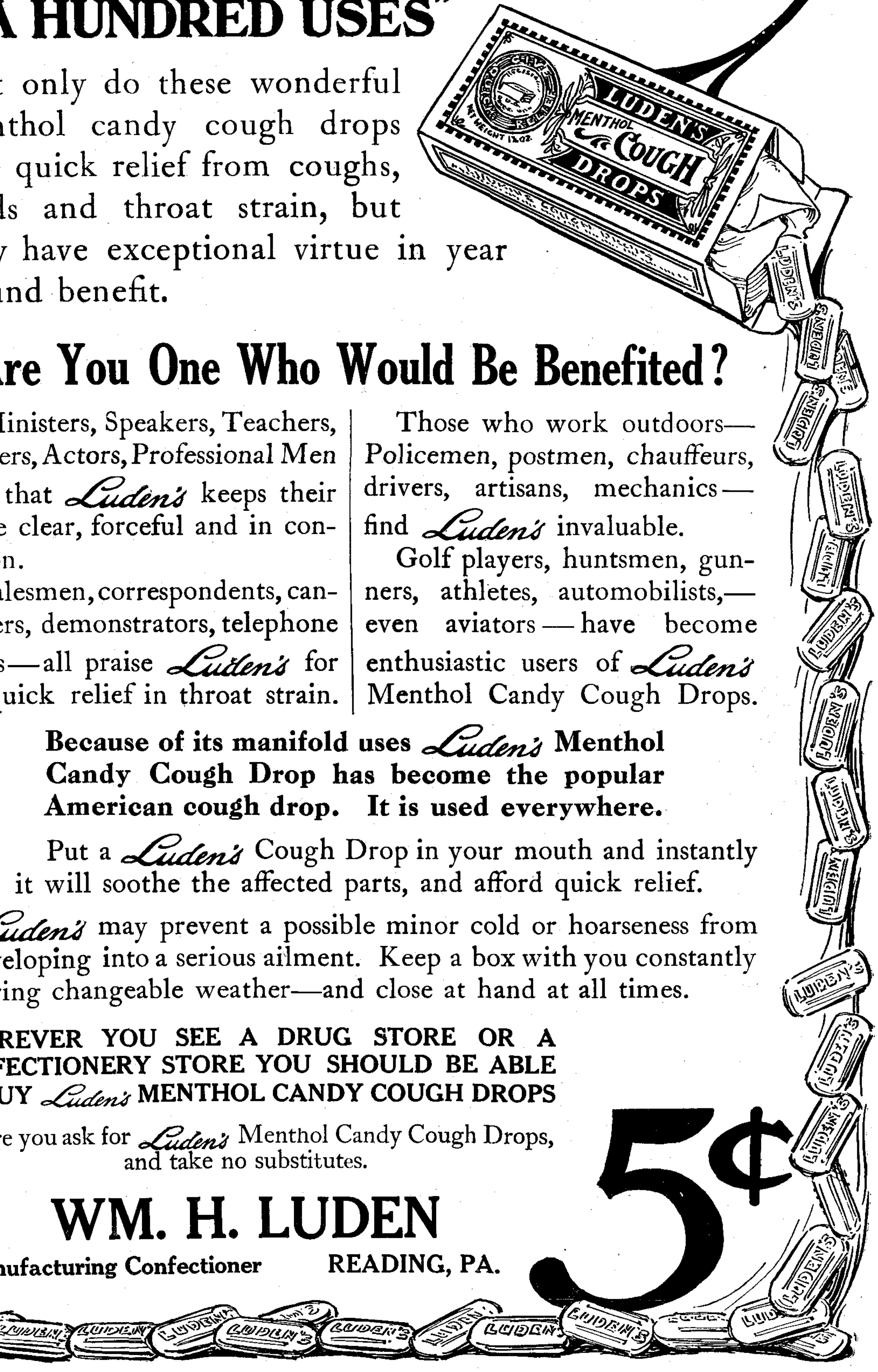
The present is a generation that is becoming increasingly self-conscious in all of its relations. The science of psychology is an expression of this self-consciousness. No previous generation has developed to anything like the same extent as this science. Here is a book that illustrates the application of psychology to that most important phase of life, youth.

The author's viewpoint is that of genetic psychology, or the psychology of growth. Youth is regarded in the light of racial development, and the qualities of youth are interpreted as manifestations of racial life reappearing in the individual. The topics treated are the following: The Spirit of Adventure, The Ways of Youth, The Chance to Grow, The School and the Community, Vagaries of the School, Fallacies in Moral Training, The Spirit of the Gang, and The Release of Mental Forces.

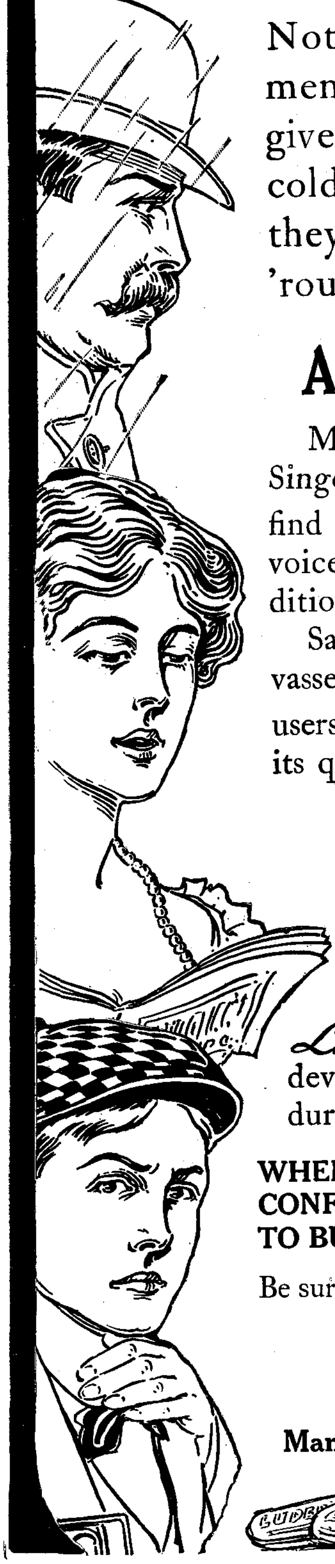
The discussion of such topics as these from the viewpoint of the modern scientific theory of recapitulation, or the rehearsal of racial traits in the individual life, is now common in scientific circles. But the popular mind has yet to be educated in this direction. Professor Swift's book is a valuable contribution to this end. It will illuminate many difficult problems, and afford for parents and educators new ways of approach to their solution.

Luden's MENTHOL CANDY COUGH DROPS

"HAVE A HUNDRED USES"



Not only do these wonderful menthol candy cough drops give quick relief from coughs, colds and throat strain, but they have exceptional virtue in year 'round benefit.



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Ministers, Speakers, Teachers, Singers, Actors, Professional Men find that Luden's keeps their voice clear, forceful and in condition.

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CURRENT POETRY

METRICAL translations of verse are not, usually, satisfactory. However skilful the rendering may be, it frequently seems that the spirit of the original poem is lost. There are exceptions to this rule—many of them are found in the work of that too little-known Canadian poet, the late George Murray. Mr. Murray had a thorough command of the French language, and his translations of Gautier, Theuriet, and others are remarkably good. His original poems show the effects of his familiarity with French, for they are written with Gallic deftness and wit. From his "Poetical Works," a memorial volume recently published in Montreal, by E. G. O'Connor, we take the following verses, which are fairly representative of Mr. Murray's distinguished talent.

The King and the Peasant

By George Murray

"Verily I say unto you, that a rich man shall hardly enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. And again I say unto you, It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God."—New Testament.

Once, at the self-same point of time,
Two mortals passed from earth:
One was a King of caste sublime,
But base the other's birth;
And each had led a stainless life
Amid this sinful planet's strife.

Upward the spirits took their flight
Enfranchised and elate,
Till soon they reached the realms of light
And paused at Eden's gate,
Where, waiting them, with joy they see
The Fisherman of Galilee.

He oped the Gate, one lustrous stone,
And ushered in the King,
While the poor peasant, left alone,
Heard songs of welcoming
And strains of harps, divinely sweet,
Poured forth the Royal Guest to greet.

The music ceased, the Heavenly Guide
Flung back the Gate again
And bade the peasant at his side
Join the seraphic train;
But, strange to say, no Angels sang,
No harps through Heaven symphonious rang!

"O Saint revered!" the peasant cried,
"Why chant no choirs for me
As for yon Monarch in his pride?
Am I less dear than he?
Can aught but equity have birth
Here, in high Heaven, as on the earth?"

"My Son,' the Saint replied, "thou art
As dear as kingly clay;
But men like thee, of lowly heart,
Come hither every day—
While Dives at the Gate appears
Once only in a hundred years!"

Here is a delicately beautiful picture from the London *Academy*. The idea in the stanza before the last is particularly well exprest.

Love in the Hills

By Ethel Talbot Scheffauer

Out of Loubaix to Charleroi
The way is through the wood;
The wind blows through the yellow corn,
A clean hill-wind and good.

Out of Loubaix to Charleroi
The railroads wind and wind
Between the pine-woods and the rocks,
And Barrin bright behind.

The scarlet of the corn-poppies
Splashes the yellow field;
The broad white sunshine of the South
Shines on the glowing weald.

The old stone castles on the hills
Look out with blinded eyes,
They have no more besiegers now
Save the white butterflies.

A green land, a gray land,
A golden land and sweet,
Where Love sits by the wayside pools
Dabbling his naked feet.

This poem, from *The Westminster Review*, is marked by a fine Old-World delicacy, a courtly extravagance, rarely found in contemporary verse.

Beata Beatrix

By W. F. Harvey

(*La gloriosa donna de la mia mente.*)

She cometh, she cometh, my Lady cometh,
By squires escorted, in gallant show.
O princes and kings, your Lady cometh,
Bend low, bend low.

She cometh, she cometh, my Lady cometh!
The dawn is brighter, more sweet the May.
O ladies and queens, your Lady cometh,
Make way, make way.

She goeth, she goeth, my Lady goeth!
The songs grow sadder, the music slow.
O minstrels and bards, your Lady goeth,
Sing low, sing low.

She goeth, she goeth, my Lady goeth!
Her knights have mounted their chargers gray,
O liegemen and lords, your Lady goeth,
Away, away!

Mrs. Garrison has given us very little verse of late. The theme of the following poem, which we take from *The Designer*, is similar to that of John Masefield's "Widow in the Bye Street." Masefield's method of sordid and laborious realism is for most readers less effective than Mrs. Garrison's vivid impressionism. "A Salem Mother" is good psychology and good poetry.

A Salem Mother

By Theodosia Garrison

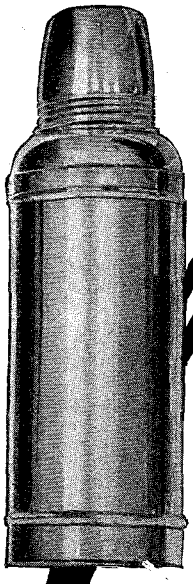
I

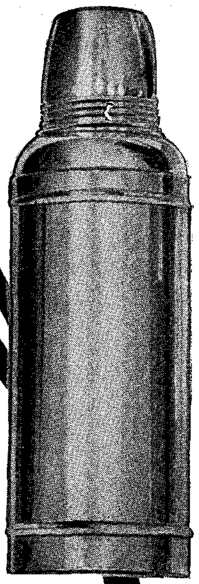
They whisper at my very gate,
The clacking gossips every one:
"We saw them in the wood of late—
Her and the widow's son;
The horses at the forge may wait,
The wool may go unspun."

I spread the food he loves the best,
I light the lamp when day is done,
Yet still he stays, another's guest—
Oh, my one son, my son!
I would it burned in mine own breast,
The spell he might not shun.

She hath bewitched him with her eyes
(No goodly maid hath eyes as bright),
Pale in the morn I watch him rise,
As one who wanders far by night.
The gossips whisper and surmise—
I hide me from the light.

(*Continued on page* 860)





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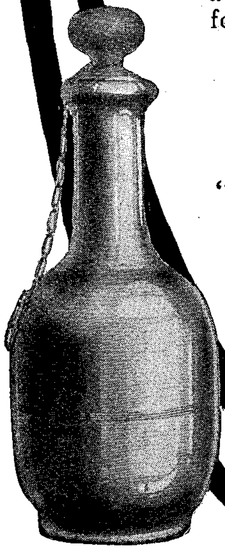
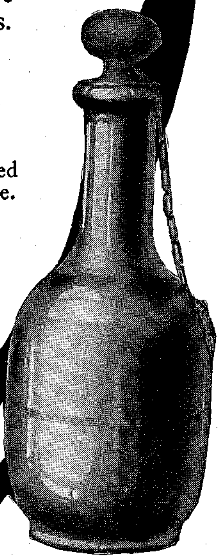
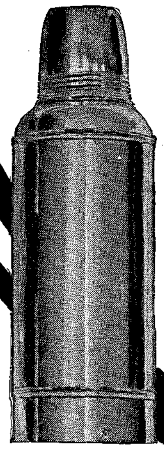
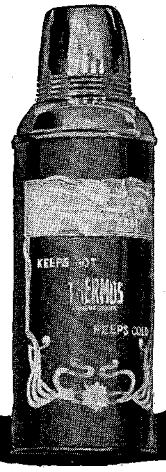
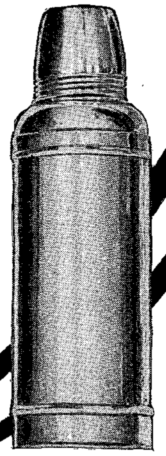


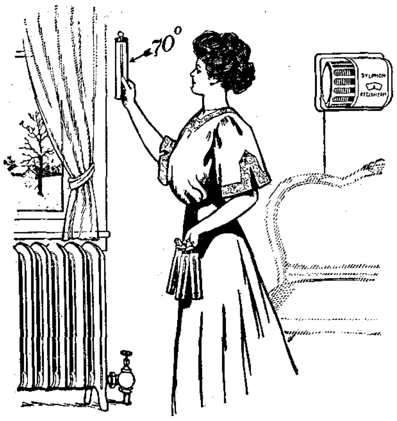








Seventy degrees
in *all* rooms



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You feed your boiler—then forget it. The REGITHERM remembers every instant and controls the boiler dampers so you have no over-heat (no discomfort). Thermometers in different rooms will show evenness of warmth. REGITHERM sets on wall of living room; you set pointer to any degree of temperature marked on scale (60 degrees to 80 degrees)—say 70 degrees. Then the expansive principle works in the wonderful Sylphon all-brass bellows, and motion is instantly sent by wire cable to draft and check dampers of Boiler or furnace—balancing them just right to maintain the warmth desired. Saves fussing and tiresome stair travels.

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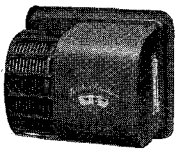

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THE MASTER LAMP, 90 West Broadway, New York

CURRENT POETRY

(*Continued from page* 858)

II

Her hair is yellow as the corn,
  Her eyes are bluer than the sky;
Behind the casement yestermorn
  I watched her passing by.
My son not yet had broken bread,
  Yet from the table did he rise;
She said no word nor turned her head,
  What then the spell that bade him stir,
Nor, heeding any word I said,
  Put by my hands and follow her?

III

He was so strong and wise and good—
  Was there no other she might take,
  Nor other mothers' hearts to break?

What tho she bade the harvest fail,
  What tho she willed the cattle die,
  So my son's soul were spared thereby?

My cattle fill the pasture land,
  The ripe fruit thickens on the tree;
  My son, my son is lost to me!

IV

They burned a witch in our town,
  On Hangman's Hill to-day;
And black the ashes drifted down,
  Ashes black and gray—
Not white, like those o' martyred folk
  Whose souls are clean as they.

They burned a witch in our town,
  Upon a windy hill,
For that she made the wells sink down
  And wrought a young man ill;
The smoke rose black against the sky,
  And hangs before it still.

They burned a witch in our town,
  And sure they did but right;
And yet I would the rain could drown
  That blackened hill from sight,
And some great wind might drive that cloud
  'Twixt God and me this night.

There are few demands now for that fine old type of occasional verse, to which the epilog and prolog belong. In London the centenary of the Drury Lane Theater was celebrated recently, and there was need of a poem to mark the occasion. Stephen Phillips filled the need admirably, and in a manner worthy of the traditions for this sort of verse-making, as established by Pope and Dryden. The poem was read by H. B. Irving. We quote it from the New York *Evening Post:*

The Drury Lane Centenary

By Stephen Phillips

This night rerose, a hundred years ago,
Old Drury from her ashes with new glow.
That night was she baptized with Byron's fire,
And leapt to resurrection at his lyre.
To-night, what ghosts revisit Drury Lane,
What shades repeople this familiar fane?
For Shakespeare's myriad fancies 'neath this dome
Found local habitation and a home.
Here David Garrick was at loss to choose
Between the Tragic and the Comic Muse;
The alternate lord of laughter and of tear,
Could roll with Falstaff and could rave with Lear.
Here Brinsley Sheridan how brightly shone!
Glittered upon life's midnight, and was gone.
With sparkling craft the passing age he hit,
But perished of a plethora of wit.
Here Siddons down the castle stairway stole,
Cleansing her hands of blood, but not her soul,
Or, as one drunk with triumph did she sway,
Reeling in glory down the Roman way.
Here solemn Kemble trod; behold him stand
And moralize on death with skull in hand
Here Edmund Kean first flashed upon the town,
And conquered London in a Jewish gown.
His look was lightning and his accent thunder,
The while he tore the human heart asunder.
And here Grimaldi mouthed at pomp and state,
And in grimace presented human fate.
Here Lamb and Hazlitt sparkled in the Pit,
For criticism then was winged with wit.
And on these boards austere Macready gave
To Moor or Thane demeanor grand and grave.
Dan Leno, as poor Yorick did of yore,
Here set the surging playhouse in a roar.
Who last of all appears? What holier shade
Familiar portals doth again invade?
See on his brow he weareth Dante's bays
But Henry Irving 'tis not mine to praise.
Here, where men saw those famous players tread
Let others rise to emulate the dead.
A second Siddons and a second Kean,
Reanimate this memorable scene!

Poetry and paganism do not mix very well nowadays. The Hellenism of our versifiers is, as a rule, not Greek; it is derived partly from Swinburne and partly from Pater. But now and then there comes a poet who has real appreciation of the beauty of classic days; who can express sincerely and vividly the haunting charm of Greek or Roman culture. Such an one is the anonymous writer of these lines, which appeared in the London *Punch.*

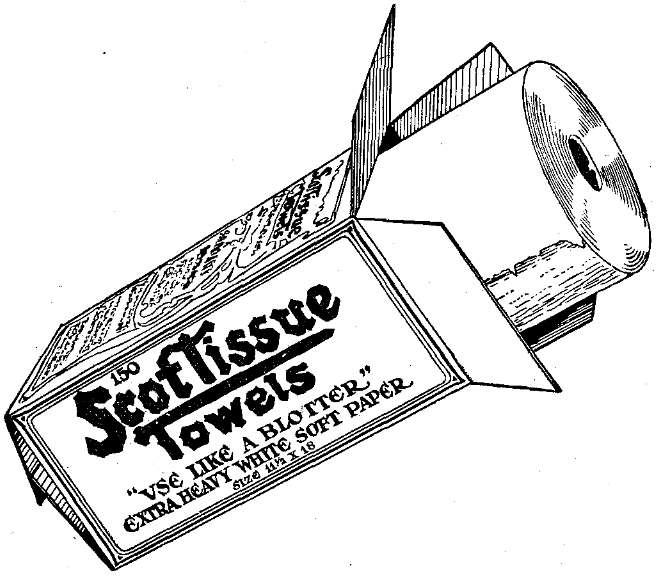
By the Roman Road

The wind it sang in the pine-tops, it sang like a
  humming harp;
The smell of the sun on the bracken was wonder-
  ful sweet and sharp.
As sharp as the piney needles, as sweet as the gods
  were good,
For the wind it sung of the old gods, as I came
  through the wood!
It sung how long ago the Romans made a road,
And the gods came up from Italy and found them
  an abode.

It sang of the wayside altars (the pine-tops sighed
  like the surf),
Of little shrines uplifted, of stone and scented
  turf,
Of youths divine and immortal, of maids as white
  as the snow
That glimmered among the thickets a mort of
  years ago!
All in the cool of dawn, all in the twilight gray,
The gods came up from Italy along the Roman
  way.

The altar smoke it has drifted and faded afar on
  the hill;
No wood-nymphs haunt the hollows; the reedy
  pipes are still;
No more the youth Apollo shall walk in his sun-
  shine clear;
No more the maid Diana shall follow the fallow-
  deer
(The woodmen grew so wise, the woodmen grew
  so old,
The gods went back to Italy—or so the story's
  told!).

But the woods are full of voices and of shy and
  secret things—
The badger down by the brook-side, the flick of
  a woodcock's wings,
The plump of a falling fir-cone, the pop of the sun-
  ripe pods,
And the wind that sings in the pine-tops the song
  of the ancient gods—
The song of the wind that says the Romans made
  a road,
And the gods came up from Italy and found them
  an abode!



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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

HOW OUR MARINES TOOK COYOTEPE HILL

WHILE the little Latin American revolutions doubtless have many of the comic-opera features generally attributed to them, nevertheless, some of the battles down there are just about as lively as could be expected to take place anywhere. Some convincing testimony on this point is furnished by Second Lieutenant George W. Martin and Surgeon R. E. Hoyt, of the United States Marines, who arrived in New York from Nicaragua the other day, and told the story of the capture on October 4 of Coyotepe Hill, the rebel key to the beleaguered town of Masaya. Lieutenant Martin, who hails from Somerville, Mass., ought to be a good witness, for he took a prominent part in the fight himself, and came out of it with wounds in both feet and a vivid recollection of a little coffee-colored man who could score two hits with one bullet. Hoyt also was an eye-witness to the battle. On the night of October 3, when word was received that the rebels were entrenched, a company of sailors were attached to the command of Major Butler, who was to lead one of the two battalions. Butler looked at their spotless white uniforms and shook his head. It would not do to take the men into battle wearing such clothes; they would be shining marks for the rebels. The lieutenant in command of the sailors came to the rescue with a happy thought, and for the next few minutes his men were busy indeed. They got down and rolled in the mud, and some of those who had a little white showing after they got up finished the job by smearing shoe-polish on the clean spots. After talking with Martin and Hoyt a New York *Tribune* reporter wrote this description of the engagement:

> The hill measured from base to summit about 1,000 yards. The first three hundred yards are bare. Then there is a patch of thick brush inaccessible except by a narrow trail. The trail ends at a narrow opening close to the top of the hill, where the rebels had their trenches and their guns. The hill is at an angle of about 45 degrees all the way, and it is considered a hard climb even when revolutions are not on.
>
> Coyotepe Hill marked one wing of an unusually strong position occupied by the rebel forces. The other wing of the insurgent army rested on Barranca Hill. This hill is not as steep as Coyotepe, but the revolutionists had accordingly fortified it more strongly.
>
> Between the two hills is a long wooded ridge upon which the center of the rebel army was encamped. Behind the ridge lay the city of Masaya, to which the American troops were trying to open railway communications.
>
> Admiral Southerland suggested to the Federal commander that he capture Coyotepe, but the South American assured him it would be absolutely contrary to the rules of the game as it was played in Nicaragua. Coyotepe had never been captured and never would be. Once in the possession of either side, it would remain as impregnable as "hunk" in a game of tag.
>
> The American commander realized that his ally had already cast himself and his army for the rôle of reserves in the rear, and he accordingly took the initiative upon himself.
>
> On October 3 the American batteries shelled Barranca Hill all day, but without much result. As soon as it was dark two battalions of marines and a company of blue-jackets were hurried across the front of the enemy's lines to the base of Coyotepe Hill. It was barely dawn, a dark day, with poor shooting light, when the marines and blue-jackets received the word to start. They went with empty stomachs. "Breakfast when it's all over," was the word passed out, and this may have had something to do with the quick time in which the task was accomplished.

Surgeon Hoyt had a long-range view of the battle, and this is how it looked to him:

> I was in charge of the field-hospital. We had it rigged up in three box-cars on the railroad line, about a thousand yards from the hill. Pretty soon a 1-pound gun on the hill began dropping shells around us and we backed up a few hundred yards. We couldn't see quite so well, but it was a better hospital location. The men started out in two columns on opposite sides of the hill, and they played the game just as the text-books say it ought to be played. "Rush firing," I think you call it.
>
> First one group of four would run thirty or forty yards, and then they would lie down and puff away at the fellows on top of the hill. Then another group would take it up. The rebels didn't begin to shoot until our men were within a range of 800 yards. I couldn't see what effect the firing of our troops was having, but the rebels were wasting ammunition.
>
> None of our men was wounded here in the open space. Presently they hit the brush, and then the fighting was all on one side. I could see the smoke of the firing from the top of the hill, but, of course, I could not see what results the rebels were getting. It wasn't much fun watching a fight like that. Then all at once our lines got out into the open. There was considerable smoke for a moment or two and then a lull in the firing. I reckoned they had forgotten the text-books and were rushing 'em. Pretty soon there were bugle calls. Then they began bringing the wounded down to me, and I quit watching and got into the game myself.

There was a good deal of heroic fighting, but probably the most daring of the men was Private C. H. Durham, who will not come back to tell the story. What he did is described by Lieutenant Martin:

> There was one man at Coyotepe, as brave as a fellow ever saw. When we broke from the woods near the top of the hill the rebel trenches were not more than seventy-five yards away. They knew the

(*Continued on page* 864)

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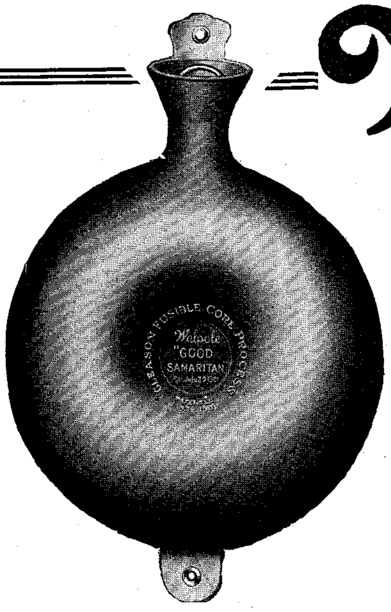

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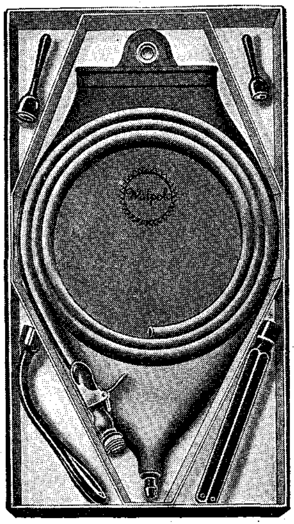

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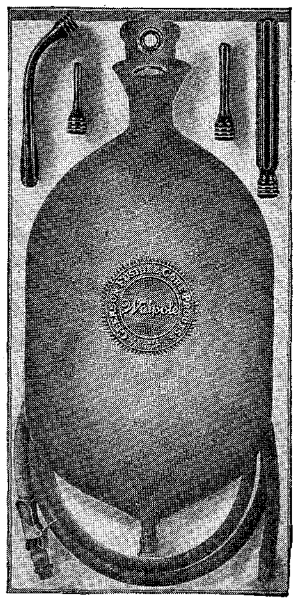

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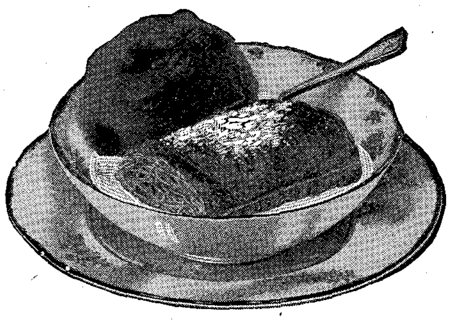

The Cooking Question

becomes a little more troublesome with the advent of colder weather when appetites are keener and the body calls for foods that are warm and nourishing.

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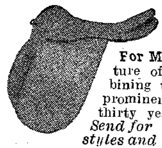

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

(*Continued from page 862*)

point at which we would come out because the brush was so thick that we had to follow the trail. They had a machine gun and a one-pounder trained at this point, and there was a barbed-wire fence slap in our faces as soon as we came into the open.

A lucky shot put the machine gun out of commission, and as fast as a man jumped up to fix it, down he went into the trenches. The one-pounder kept blazing away and so did the rifle fire. A man named Durham, a private, scuttled out in front of all the rest of the men and began tearing at the fence with a pair of clippers. A 1-pound shell swept his hat off his head, but he kept hacking away at the wire. The clippers didn't work and he threw them away and used his bayonet. He didn't even crouch, but stood straight up to his work.

He broke the wire close to the fence post and tore it away. The one-pounder fired again. The range was lower this time. His whole head was blown off. They did not have a chance to fire again, for the whole crowd were through the gap and over the trenches. The revolutionists scampered down the hill. Our men didn't bother to chase them. We didn't want them; we wanted the hill, and we had it.

Another brave marine, Private Bobbett, lost his life during the fight in the brush by taking an unusually big risk. He was shot just after the columns entered the woods, and one of his comrades improvised a tourniquet and bound his wounded leg. He was told to wait until the men came back. But there was too much excitement for him to sit through the engagement. When the fight was over, his body was found within a hundred yards of the rebel trenches. He had bled to death while trying to get into battle. *The Tribune* goes on:

Not all the courage was on the side of the Americans. The Nicaraguans left fifty dead in the trenches. There were only three hundred of them to six hundred Americans at the point of attack. Of course, if they had been good soldiers they could easily have held such a strong position against an even larger force, but they were not good soldiers, and did not pretend to be.

The rules of warfare are somewhat different in Nicaragua. Rum is considered just as indispensable an ammunition for soldiers as bullets.

Once they had been dislodged from their position on the hill they were at the mercy of the Federal cavalry. Their countrymen pursued them all the way to Masaya and into the streets of the city. American officers were rushed to the spot to see that the victorious Nicaraguans played the game according to our rules. By the time they arrived, however, there was no supervising to do. Practically all the rebels within reach had been killed.

"They found one woman in the trenches up there on the hill," said Lieutenant Martin. "I saw her before I was hit. She was firing a Remington rifle and helping load the 1-pound gun. There was a 1-pound shell in her hands when they found her."

Four Americans—Private R. V. Bobbett, of Company B, First Battalion, and Privates H. Pollard, C. H. McGill, C. H. Durham, of Company C, First Battalion—were killed in the fight to relieve Masaya. The wounded were Second Lieutenant G. W. Martin and Privates W. Harvey, A. Lunder, and A. P. Sherburne, of Company C, First Battalion, and Orderly Sergeant T. P. McGoorty, of the cruiser *California*.

AVENGING HER FATHER'S DEATH

WHEN Ed Callahan, the Kentucky feudist, was shot down last May at his little country store in Breathitt County by ambushed clansmen, his daughter, Mrs. Clifton Cross, was by his side, and after his death she took up the trail of the assassins and followed it night after night until she had evidence enough to obtain the indictment of fifteen men before they realized anything was being done to bring Callahan's slayers to justice. When some of them were arrested and the news of the grand jury's action spread over the county, the rest tried to get away, but they were soon caught and locked safely behind the bars at Jackson. Mrs. Cross had to work secretly for several months, often traveling on horseback from darkness till dawn to talk with witnesses who lived long distances from her home. And one of the most remarkable features of the whole story is the cleverness she displayed in carrying on her detective work without arousing the slightest suspicion, among the men she was trailing, that she was after them. A staff correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* went to Jackson and got from Mrs. Cross herself the history of the killing of her father and the long string of incidents which led up to it. He writes:

When Callahan was killed, it was not supposed that anybody would ever be arrested for the crime. Callahan and his clan had been at war with the Deaton-Smith faction for more than twelve years, ever since "Jim" Deaton was killed by one of Callahan's men in a logging-rights fight on the Middle Fork of the Kentucky River. Other men had been killed from time to time, and usually there had been prosecutions if not convictions because the leaders on both sides were men of wealth and influence, but with the death of Callahan, the leader of that clan, it was thought there would be nobody to take the initiative in pushing prosecutions, especially as the Callahan clan had dwindled to comparative insignificance.

Callahan had a son, Wilson, twenty-two years old, but he was known to want peace, as his father had wanted it, and it was considered certain that he would not run the risk of meeting his father's fate by seeking the assassins. Not a thought was given to the dead chieftain's daughter, but in her they had to reckon with the courage and

(*Continued on page 866*)

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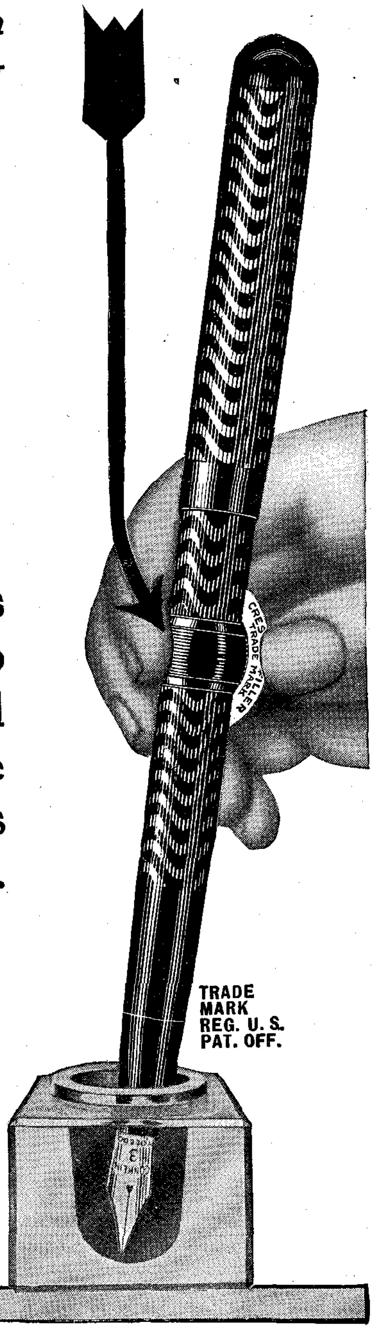

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P.S. Are you going to write *now*, or forget it and go through the nightmare of Christmas shopping again?

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

(*Continued from page* 864)

cunning of the mountain-bred girl, tempered by a college education.

All summer long members of the Deaton-Smith clan came and went over the mountains unsuspicious of pursuit. The dead chieftain's daughter was trailing them, drawing closer and closer about them a mesh of evidence from which lawyers say they will have great difficulty in extricating themselves.

Night after night she rode over trails too narrow and precipitous for wheeled vehicles, in constant danger of death at the hands of the men she was hunting down, for the hunted feudist, contrary to belief, is not a respecter of sex.

The loneliness of her midnight rides was accentuated by the mournful calls of night-birds from tree to tree and crag to crag. Often she rode past cabins of feudists, and the sound of her horse's hoofbeats brought dogs barking from the shadows of the cabins.

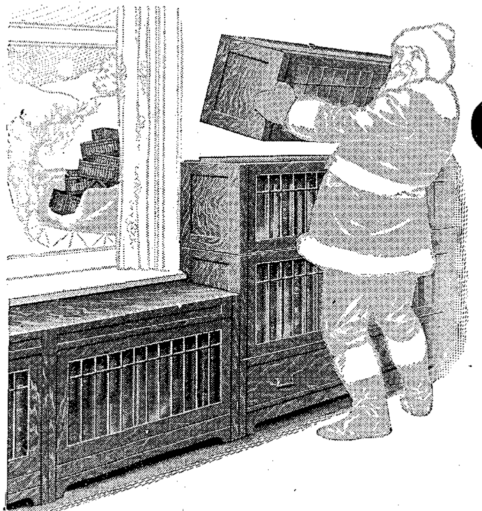
Far into the night she pleaded in darkened mountain homes with reluctant and fearful witnesses to tell what they knew, and always, as she rode homeward as dawn appeared, she was nearer the vengeance which the law could give.

Sitting in the office of Floyd Byrd, formerly Commonwealth's Attorney and prosecutor of many feudists, and his partner, Calloway Howard, a few steps from the Breathitt County court-house, the scene of many killings, Mrs. Cross related for the first time the incidents of her stalking of the men accused of slaying her father. She is quoted as saying:

"Ever since I was a child," she said, "there has been trouble between our family and the Deatons and Smiths, and their relations. It started about twelve years ago, when, in a logging dispute, on the Middle Fork, 'Jim' Deaton tried to kill my father and was killed by one of our men.

"The direct cause of father's death was the killing of John Davidson and Levi Johnson on February 15. They and six of their friends were shooting up the town

(*Continued on page* 868)



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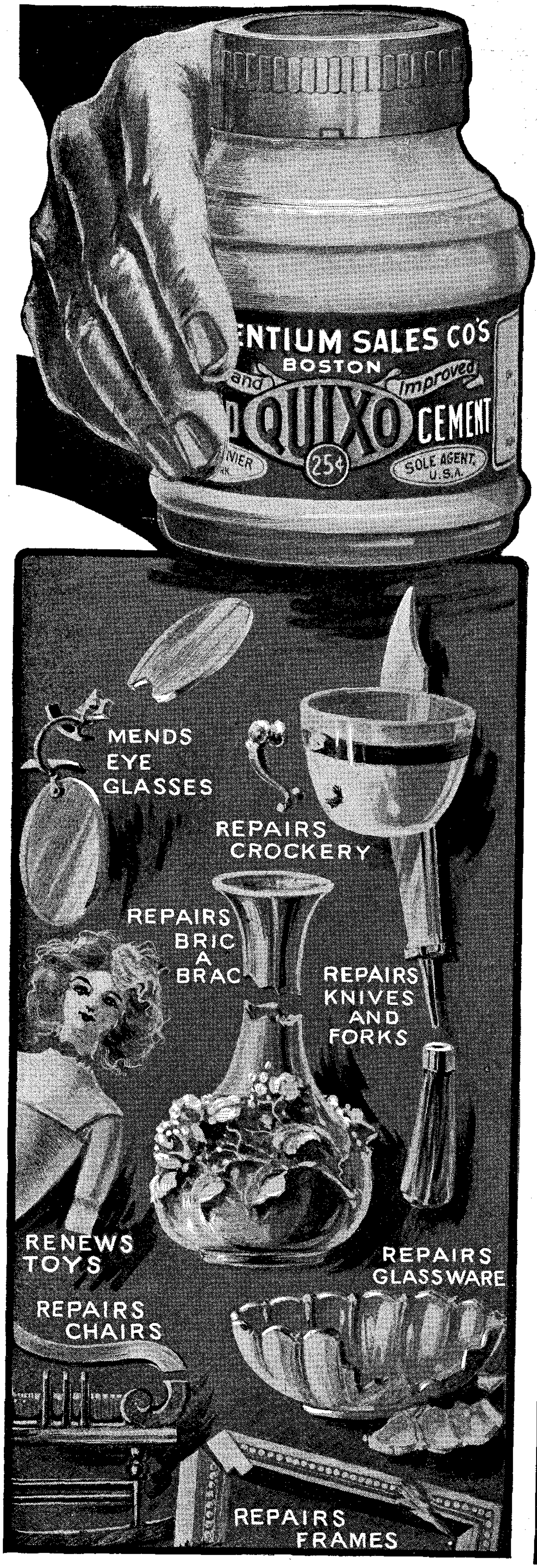
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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

(*Continued from page* 866)

and fired into 'Steve' Sandlin's home. In the battle that followed the two were killed. Sandlin, 'Charley' Reilly, who was at Sandlin's, and Marshal Jordan Gross and Deputy Marshal Ed Gross were indicted.

"Davidson and Johnson belonged to the Deaton-Smith crowd. They blamed my father for the killing of the two men, and wanted to get him out of the way so that he could not help the indicted men when they went to trial.

"An attempt had been made once before to kill my father, and when the leaves were green he never went anywhere. but when the branches were bare he went about some.

"He always said he did not think he would be killed because he had done nothing to be killed for. He was always careful about exposing himself in front of the store, but the morning he was shot Asbury McIntosh, one of the men now in jail, pretended he wanted to buy some fencing wire, and when my father went to the front window where the wire was they shot him.

"As he fell I ran to the door. Bullets were flying about me and about my baby playing on the floor. The shots came from behind a hummock on the side of the mountain.

"Wilson's [her brother's] wife ran from the house and fired at them. Three men sprang up and ran over the mountains, and we recognized them. If we had wanted to keep up the feud, we could have killed them before now. But my father did not want us to keep up the feud. As he lay dying in the hospital at Buckhorn he kept saying, 'We must have peace or nobody can live in the mountains.'

"Besides, I was not satisfied to punish only these three men. I knew there were others higher up who had planned the killings, and were more guilty than those who fired the shots.

"I wanted to avenge my father's death and at the same time I wanted to put an end to Breathitt County feuds by getting the feud leaders.

"I started out to run them down. I could not work in daylight because they would see where I went and would know what witnesses I was getting, and the witnesses and myself would be in danger. You know, the mountain saying is that 'dead witnesses tell no tales.'

"Some of the men I was after lived five miles from our home, and the others were scattered about on the Middle Fork and North Fork.

"I would wait at night until I thought it unlikely that I would meet anybody on the trail, and then ride to the homes of families living near different ones that I suspected and get them to tell me what they had heard or seen. Often I was out until nearly dawn.

"On one of my night rides I found out that certain men had met often at a rendezvous for long-distance target practise, and to lay plans to kill my father.

"I found out that several men lay in wait behind a blind on the Middle Fork to kill my father. He was having merchandise brought up the river in push-boats, and, as the men sometimes had trouble in poling the boats over the shoals two miles down stream, he sometimes went down there to help them.

"But he did not go the day these men lay for him, and they did not get a chance to kill him."

When Mrs. Cross thought she had evidence enough to justify indictment of the men she went to Jackson and laid it before Mr. Byrd, and retained him to help prosecute them. Then Byrd had to see the witnesses and get their testimony in writing. Mrs. Cross goes on:

"It would not do for him to be seen going to any of them, so it was arranged for him to go up the river pretending to be looking over timber lands. Then at night I would get on my horse and get witnesses and take them to where he was at the cabin of some one that we could trust, and take them back to their homes and get back to my home before daylight.

"Some of the men over there in jail would have starved last winter and their families with them if it had not been for my father. Last summer there was drought and famine in the mountains. My father was the only merchant in the region who could keep the people up. He gave them credit on their winter's food and on seed for their next crops. He would give credit to his worst enemy.

"One of the men who helped to kill him owed him $45 for food.

"I wanted those men to be convicted. I wanted the law to avenge my father's death.

"I don't want them shot down as they shot my father down. I don't believe in that. None of my family believes in it.

"At no time since the day my father was shot down before my eyes have I wanted to avenge his death in like manner. I have never had any other thought than that the law should take its course.

"My brother feels the same way. If we wanted to kill as they have killed, we could have done it long ago. I believe if these men are convicted, we will have peace at last in this county.

"Would these men kill a woman? They are mad enough at me to kill me. They came near killing me and my little boy the day they shot my father. Like my father, I am prepared to go that way if I have to go, because I have not done anything but what is right. All I want is a fair deal.

"All the nights I rode over the mountains I never met another rider. I was not afraid. In all my night rides I felt that I was doing right and would not get hurt."

Mrs. Cross is twenty-two years old. She has been married five years and has a son three years old. Her husband, Clifton Cross, is a merchant and timber dealer at Buckhorn. She has good looks and dresses with taste. She speaks with a softer accent than is usually heard in these mountains. Floyd Byrd, who was prosecuting attorney for this county six years, and has been special prosecutor in a score of celebrated feud cases, says that Mrs. Cross, unaided, worked up one of the strongest prosecutions in his experience.

When everything was in readiness witnesses were hurried before the grand jury one afternoon and fifteen indictments were returned the next morning and twelve men were locked up before they could make a

(*Continued on page* 870)

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

(*Continued from page* 868)

move. The other three, who had left the State, were speedily located and brought back. Two had enlisted in the Army.

"THUNDERBOLT" MARTIN

BEFORE the attempted assassination of Colonel Roosevelt, the agile, muscular young man who sprang upon Schrank and prevented the firing of a second shot was unknown to the country at large, and to his friends and acquaintances he was just Elbert E. Martin. Since then, however, the newspapers have been calling him "Thunderbolt" Martin. The young hero's loyalty to Colonel Roosevelt amounts almost to worship, it is said, and the Colonel is quoted as saying that he annexed Martin to his personal staff because he was "a young man with a punch," which is taken to mean that Martin had some of the virility and strenuosity which characterize the Progressive party leader himself. The New York *Sun* tells this brief story of Martin's life:

> Martin was born in Manchester, N. H., and is 31 years old. He has had a varied career, working in the United States Survey in Sleet Canyon, Wyo.; then as a railway foreman out of Milwaukee, until he went to Big Rapids to study shorthand and typewriting. Then he served as secretary to Congressman Charles C. Landis, of Indiana, in the Fifty-eighth Congress. Later he was secretary to Fred Landis, now the Bull Moose candidate for lieutenant-governor in Indiana.
>
> Soon after the Progressive National Convention last August Martin applied at the national committee's headquarters here for a position as stenographer and got it. He accompanied Colonel Roosevelt on his two last tours—the long swing around the West and through the South and the present one. At first he was assigned as stenographer to George Roosevelt, but his ability at quick dictation was so marked that he was tried out in taking speeches. He made good at that and so was assigned to make stenographic reports of Mr. Roosevelt's campaign addresses.
>
> Martin won a reputation not only as a fast stenographer, but as a very constant attendant and faithful guard of the Colonel. More than once, it is said, Colonel Roosevelt reproved him for being too rough with the men pushing out from the crowd. At Saginaw, Mich., Martin handled one of these elbowers rather roughly, and now it is believed that the man at Saginaw was none other than Schrank.
>
> In a telegram received at Progressive headquarters yesterday Martin tells of the resemblance between the man pushing his way through the crowd at Saginaw and the man who fired his bullet into Roosevelt at Milwaukee. "It was dark and I could not see his face," relates Martin. "He dashed through the crowd with both hands in front of him and pointed at Colonel Roosevelt's stomach. I got him by both hands from behind and threw him into the crowd."
>
> Earlier, in a letter, Martin had described this incident. "At Saginaw," he writes,

(*Continued on page* 872)

"Walk-Over"
The Shoe for You
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"Empire" Model

Worn Wherever shoes are known

BY reason of a quality that can not be denied,—by reason of a style which shows to all the world what good shoes *ought* to be!

This is why Walk-Overs are demanded by name in nearly every corner of the earth by all good folks who are given to choosing the *choicest.*

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Write for booklet showing all models with complete descriptions.

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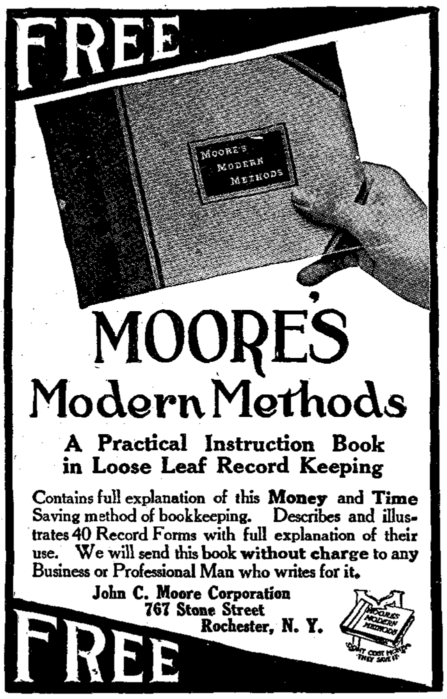

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You've probably heard him speak of the satisfaction he gets from a combination of the long, diagonal stroke and the famous Durham-Duplex blades. Why not accentuate that satisfaction and give him a Christmas gift that will be personal, permanent and attractive? A

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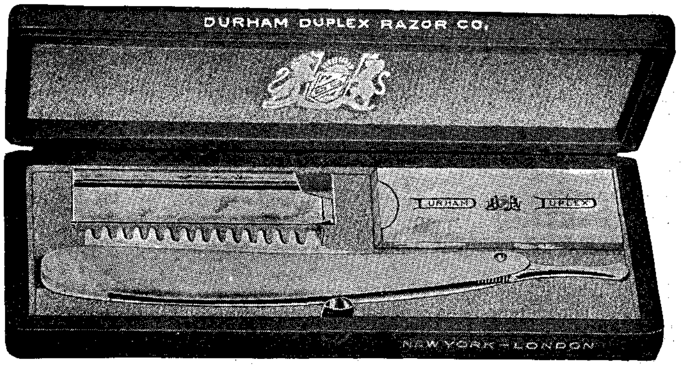
shown in illustration to the right, will give him many times three hundred and sixty-five days of shaving comfort.

There's nothing that the average man would appreciate more, and certainly there is nothing that would induce so many pleasant recollections of the giver.



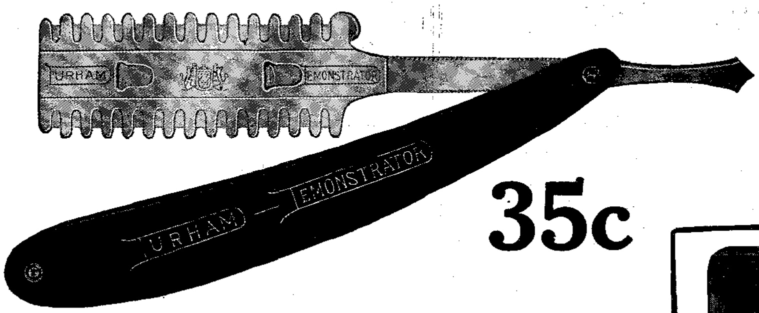
Standard Set, $5.00

We'll pay you 50c for his Durham-Demonstrator Razor

We have authorized our dealers to take back Demonstrator Razors and allow you 50c in exchange on the price of the set you select. In this way you get a $2.50 Durham-Derby set for $2, or a $5 Standard Durham-Duplex set for $4.50. Each set includes six of the famous Durham-Duplex blades (twelve edges) that your husband likes so well.

If by any chance he is the one man in ten who hasn't yet **tried** the Durham-Duplex and doesn't know the real shaving luxury of the famous Durham-Duplex blades (double edged)—for goodness sake, give him the chance. Fill out the coupon in lower left-hand corner, send 35c and let him try it for a month. The experiment won't cost you much and it'll help you to solve the vexatious question of what to get him for Christmas.

Do it today—**now**—or you'll forget it.



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This is the razor you get for 35c if you take the coupon below to any of our dealers. It is equally as good a shaving instrument as our regular razor.

Durham-Duplex Razor Co.

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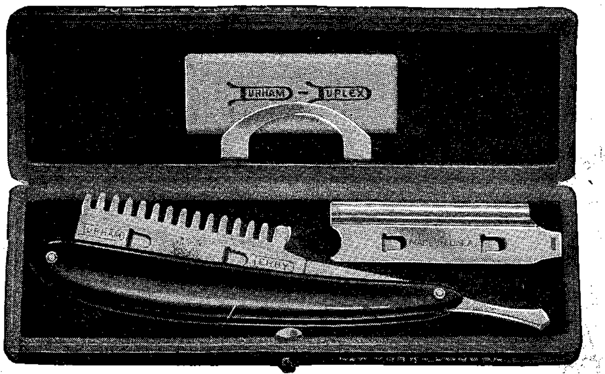

Durham-Derby, $2.50

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

(*Continued from page* 870)

"there was a mammoth meeting. On our way there, as we got to a particularly dark place in the street, a man darted through the crowd, apparently intent on shaking hands with Colonel Roosevelt. We don't take any chances. About the time he reached him I got my clutches on the man's shoulder and threw him bodily backward about ten feet on his head. This made me good-natured all the rest of the evening. Of course, Colonel Lyon and Dr. Terrell and Philip (Roosevelt) were on the job, but it happened that I reached him first."

Martin is not only a stenographer but a lawyer. He studied law in Detroit, Mich., and was admitted to the bar last June. He was also married during the summer and lives at 534 West One Hundred and Forty-third street. Just before he left for the West on this present tour with Colonel Roosevelt Mrs. Martin went home to visit her family in Michigan.

THE MUTINY AT RAWLINS

LAWLESSNESS had reigned in Wyoming before, but nothing that ever happened in Cheyenne during her wildest and wickedest days began to approach the hours of terror in Rawlins recently when the convicts in the penitentiary mutinied. There have been other prison mutinies in the country, but it is pretty safe to say that none ever equaled this one, which is described in the New York *Press:*

What happened in Rawlins is unique in history, West or East. Briefly, the 350 inmates of the State Prison lynched one of their number, a negro. He had assaulted a woman seventy-eight years old who had endeared herself to the prisoners by her kindness and her good deeds. The negro probably would have been lynched if outsiders could have got at him, it is said, so the convicts' swift justice seemed likely to be unpunished. But their act, once accomplished, had a psychological effect on these caged men.

Prisoned men, like wild beasts in captivity, are animals of primitive passion. These convicts at Rawlins tasted blood when they lynched the man. Also their act showed them an amazing thing—something they had not suspected—that they were more powerful than their keepers.

A cageful of tigers is kept in subjection by fear. Once that fear is gone, the man with whip and revolver is lucky to escape with his life. Nothing kills fear like blood-lust. Therefore it is no wonder that the 350 convicts in their cage of stone and iron muttered and plotted all through the days that immediately followed the realization of their strength. They were as furtive and whispering as tigers creeping and crouching ready to spring.

The lynching was October 2; the mutiny started ten days later. Led by "Butch" Dalton, a murderer and outlaw, twenty convicts dashed out of the prison stockade and fled into the rough hills back of it. They were pursued ineffectually by some of the guards. This showed the less resolute among the remaining prisoners that escape was more than possible. Early in the afternoon of Saturday, October 12, a party of life-termers, led by Antonio Pascuale, a Mex-

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The Adding and Subtracting Remington (Wahl Mechanism)—which combines in one typewriter, ***and in one operation,*** the functions of the writing machine and the adding machine.

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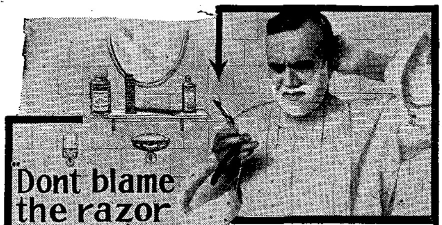
New York and Everywhere



"Dont blame the razor It's your lather"

You had to help soften the beard by rubbing in the lather. Naturally, your rubbing brought the blood to the surface, opened the pores and made the skin very sensitive. That helped the *free caustic* to get in its work and made the skin doubly sensitive. Under these conditions any razor will feel as though it were pulling the hair instead of cutting it.

MENNEN'S SHAVING CREAM

Mennen's Shaving Cream

dispenses with the *"rubbing in,"* as it thoroughly softens the beard while the *lather* is worked up on the face. *Reduces shaving to two operations—lathering and shaving. ⅓ the time saved.*

As it contains no free caustic, there is *no smarting,* and you get a delightful, *cool shave.*

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Sample Tube Free
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Newark, N. J.
Makers of the celebrated
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We offer three railroad bonds, each well secured and in combination making a well-rounded investment, at prices to yield an average income of over 5¼%. The traffic of these roads is derived from three widely separated sections of the country.

Ask for circular RB—944.

Guaranty Trust Company of New York
28 Nassau Street

Capital and Surplus,	$30,000,000
Deposits,	189,000,000

ican, overpowered the cell-house keeper, took his keys and released their comrades. Every prisoner willing to risk a battle with the guards made a rush for the gates. What happened inside the prison walls after that is not known, except as to general results. Probably it is better that it should not be printed in detail.

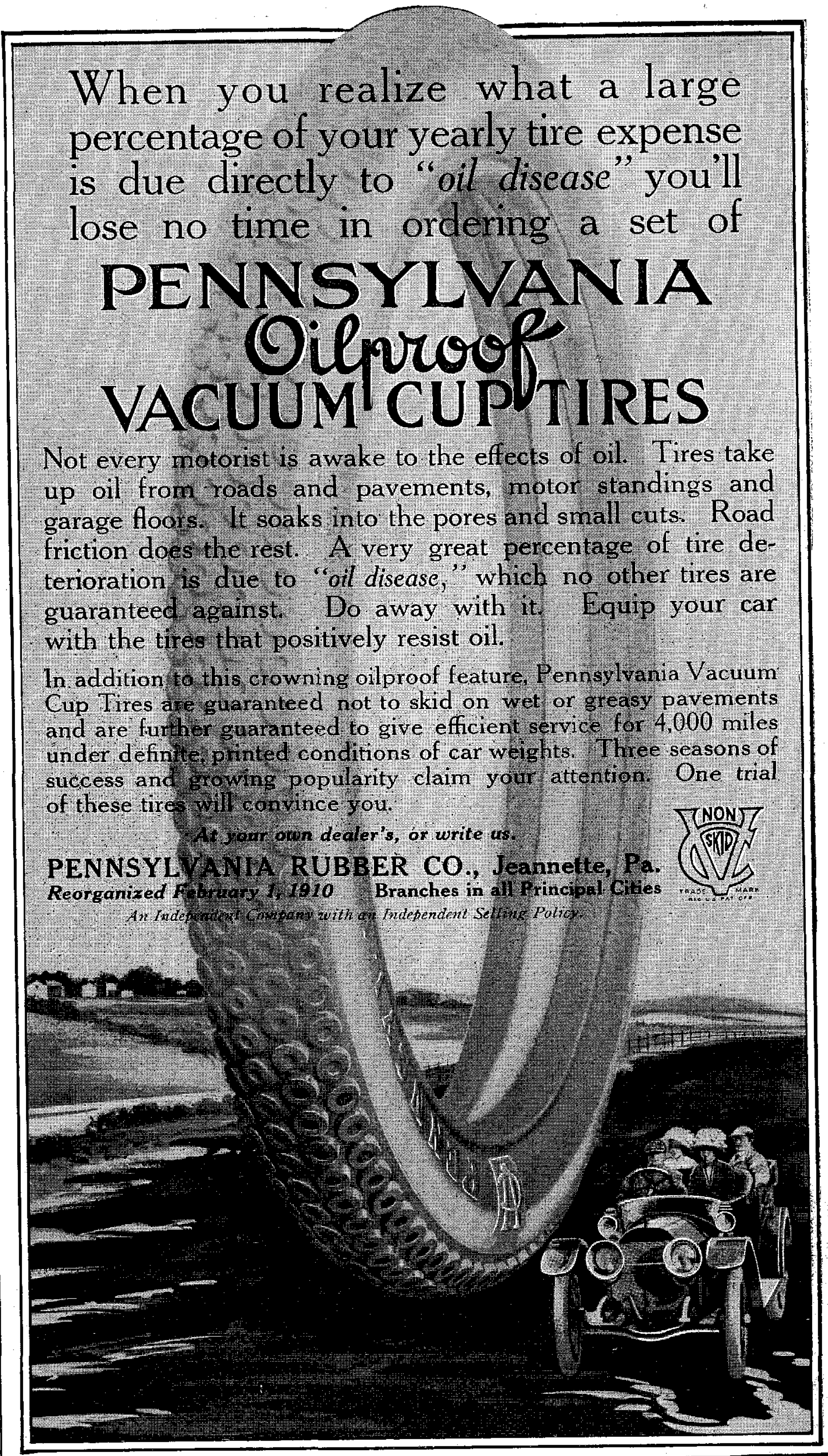
Their backs against the gates, fighting for their lives, stood a handful of guards. They were like the trainer in the cage when his wild beasts have tasted blood, but there were none with hot irons to prod back the ferocious animals. The guards had no thought of getting outside and saving themselves. Three of their number lay dead at their feet. The living keepers were of the stern, cold, fearless type of the old West. They stood face to face with 300 men, most of them armed with cleavers, knives, and pistols. All that the world outside of the walls knows of that desperate battle that ended in driving the convicts, cowed and terrorized, back to their cells, was what they heard—a fusillade of shots, a bedlam of shrieks, and yells of rage and agony that lasted half an hour and then diminished until now and then the silence was punctuated at long intervals by the crack of a revolver. Then the prison was still. The beasts had been driven back to their cages. Victory in every battle, little or big, hangs in the balance for a moment. One side or the other falters. If the convicts had the courage to grasp their chance the moment it presented itself they might have left the prison tenantless except for its dead. But they were stunned for a moment with the prospect of liberty, and in the end the old instinct of obedience asserted itself.

But bitter as was the battle inside the walls, the ferocity of those who escaped and dashed into the streets of the little town was almost beyond picturing. Rawlins is a place of about 4,000 population. The principal thoroughfare faces the railway station and runs parallel with the tracks. Hills and rolling prairie are around about Rawlins, and the foothills of the Continental Divide form the rim of the bowl that touches the horizon.

The twenty convicts who escaped in the first day's outbreak fled mostly to the hills. Some, weaker-spirited, or with the habits of long confinement overpowering them, sought burrows in the town. Seven of those who were captured were found in cellars and outbuildings, and the eighth was run down while fleeing breathlessly afoot across the prairie. The other twelve, fully armed, were not heard from except in the way of distant firing later in the day, when they attacked a ranch and stole some horses.

The second score that got out the day following, led by the Mexican outlaw, were much bolder and better armed, and, having planned their raid to the smallest detail, they knew just what to do when they left the prison enclosure. We read on:

> A few citizens tried half-heartedly to stop them, as men on the sidewalk rush out and wave their arms at a runaway horse. The convicts did not deign to pay attention to these, but made straight for the largest livery-stable in the place. A Western livery-stable runs more to saddle-horses than to docile carriage-animals. The convicts left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a huge negro on guard outside. They rushed in and overpowered the owner of the barn. A barber, Charles Stressner by name, heard the commotion. Tho his occupation was peaceful to a degree, he had a heart that was big with courage. He came running down the street, shotgun in hand. He saw the negro, but before he could fire the negro shot him through the head and he fell headlong—dead.

Inside the barn the convicts had been busy grabbing up saddles and cinching them on the horses that were nearest at hand. At the sound of the negro's shot they swarmed outside, some leading horses and some afoot. The owner of the stable followed them out, and Pascuale, the Mexican, turned and stabbed him.

The mounted men fled toward the hills, but those who had been left afoot, fourteen in number, rushed to the railroad yards, where a hundred freight-cars were standing. In a few minutes armed citizens, deputy sheriffs, and penitentiary guards came up and attacked them. They shot to kill, and Pascuale, the blood not yet dried on his knife, was killed with the first volley. Other convicts were wounded, and the little band numbered only eleven when it made a break from the box-cars and rushed to the rocky hills to the south of the town. There they separated, striving to escape into the almost impassable stretch of country toward the Colorado line. Then one of the most desperate man-hunts in the history of the West was on.

All this outside the prison walls took in its happening but little more minutes than it does to read it here. When it was over the people of Rawlins were terror-stricken. They knew the desperate character of the men who had escaped. The wildest rumors flew from house to house. People were afraid to stay indoors and equally afraid to go out. Imagination peopled every cellar and every closed room with outlaws armed to the teeth. So it was all that night. It was as if man-eating tigers were loose. The Governor was telegraphed to and asked to order out the State troops. He was away on an electioneering tour and the message did not reach him for two hours. He hurried back to Cheyenne, telephoning in advance to have the troops assembled under arms against his arrival. By the time he reached the capital the later reports indicated that the escaped convicts appeared to be all in the hills and that the town had little or nothing further to fear.

By nightfall the more courageous citizens were over their panic. Posses of armed men were formed to ride in all directions. Throughout the night a rattle of shots in the distance told of the progress of the man-hunt.

About sunset four convicts were located in a cañon about a mile from Rawlins. They had barricaded the narrow cut in the mountains and were ready for battle. The officers decided it would be too dangerous to attempt their capture in the dark, and surrounded their stronghold. At dawn they were surprized and overpowered without a shot being fired.

All that night couriers kept riding into Rawlins telling of the state of terror that existed in all the country round about. Every lonely ranch-house was barred and barricaded as it used to be half a century ago when the Indians were on the war-path.

In the next few days all but seven of the forty that escaped were either recaptured or killed. The orders given to the deputies

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were to bring them back dead or alive—it didn't matter much which. The seven that are still at large probably never will be caught by the hand of man. No doubt most of them will perish in the wilderness. The cold and snow come early in high altitudes, and men who have been long in prison are not likely to be able to withstand the rigors of winter. Therefore after the first blizzard the ranchers will rest easy.

THE MONTENEGRINS

WHILE the Turks have had a reputation for cruelty time out of mind, they now have in the Montenegrins an enemy that is also capable of doing a little butchering now and then—that is, if we are to believe Maude H. Holbach, author of several well-known books on the Balkans, who writes about the belligerent little kingdom in the London *Daily Mail.* Montenegro is a land of rock and stone, and it breeds a people of iron; tho, says the writer, they show in their features no trace of the savagery attributed to them in their wars with the Turks. Tho the Montenegrin does not look the part of a butcher, it is said that in the not very long ago the heads of gory Turks were stuck round Montenegrin monastery walls. The writer describes some of the national traits and customs of the people, and gives us what she thinks is the explanation of their faults and virtues:

> What is the secret of it? How is it that men of a type of countenance noble and dignified are capable of committing such horrible excesses? Only the other day a border fray was reported in which the dead bodies of the Turks were mutilated—the dispatch said not all after death. And the answer to the riddle lies in this—the Montenegrin is a survival of the Middle Ages. When he fights the infidel he is animated by the fanatic zeal that emulates the Crusaders—to him it is a "Holy War" of righteous vengeance. Curious anomaly, he calls himself a Christian, glories in his religion, but practically he knows nothing of the Christian dispensation. His religion is that of the Old Testament—his god a tribal deity delighting in vengeance. He would never dream of a brotherhood of man that included the Turk.
>
> Every Montenegrin is a soldier; even old men and mere boys are enrolled in the citizen army that is ready to follow its King to death or victory. Second only to their religion is their love for King and country. I have seen men stoop and kiss the ground when they crossed the border after long absence from their fatherland. Nor can you wonder at their passionate pride of race when you recall history and remember that at the disruption of the old Servian kingdom a mere handful of Servians found safety among the eagles and beasts of prey in the dreary solitudes of the Black Mountains, and from these fastnesses have ever kept the Turk at bay, fighting against overwhelming odds—the only representatives of the Servian race that were never

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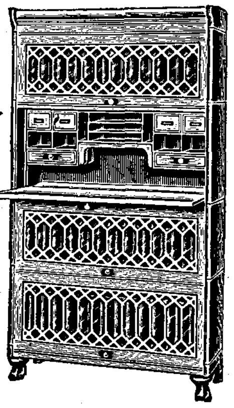

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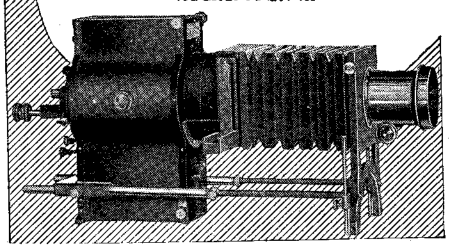


conquered! Truly has Montenegro been called "a principality founded and maintained solely on physical valor."

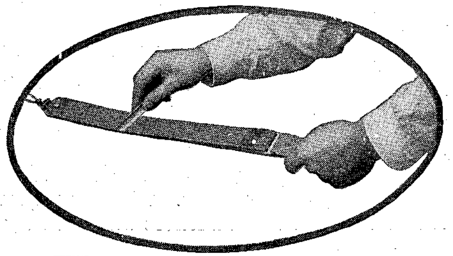
All my life I had longed to see those hardy mountaineers and they never for a moment disappointed me, nor would I believe their traducers over the border, who denied them any virtues, and spoke of them contemptuously as "sheep-stealers."

I have heard, however, and it may be true, tho I doubt it (for do not many banks employ Montenegrins on account of their faithfulness), that their code of honor is not the same outside their territory as in it. One thing I know, that within the borders of the tiny kingdom you can travel more safely than elsewhere, for every son of the soil regards you as his country's guest, and, being primitive and patriarchal, to him the laws of hospitality are those of the Medes and Persians. You may not speak his language, but his dignified salutation bids you welcome; he has little, but he will offer you of his best. A high officer in the Army, resplendent in glittering uniform, will receive you in a humble little wooden house such as well-to-do workmen inhabit at home—if you knew the amount of his pay you would be less surprized—but his poverty does not detract one whit from his dignity; every one is poor in Montenegro. Not the richest man but the bravest is to be envied and looked up to. There is no fashion to keep up with, for prince and peasant dress alike, and that of men and women differs but little.

All wear the circular crimson cap edged with black silk (in token of perpetual mourning for the loss of Servian freedom), but on the crown are embroidered the initials of their King within a rainbow, symbolic of hope that the lost kingdom may one day be regained. Both sexes wear the long white coat of homespun wool made from the fleece of the hardy little mountain sheep. The men, however, add to this a scarf or plaid thrown over one shoulder, which, like that of the Scottish Highlanders, is used for sleeping out in the hills. The Montenegrins are a magnificent-looking people, and the dress suits their tall, well-knit figures to perfection. These peasants have indeed a princely mien, but the women age early, for to them, alas! is left the hard field labor as well as their household cares. Rumor says they can fight as well as the men-folk, and it is related that Montenegrin widows have avenged their husbands' death by buckling on the men's belts stuck full of arms, tracking the slayers of their spouses, and, having found them, executing the stern justice of their people, "a life for a life." The spirit of the folk is embodied in the Balkan song, which may be roughly translated:

Oh! we're back to the Balkans again,
 Back to the joy and the pain;
Back where to-morrow the quick may be dead,
With a knife in his breast or a ball through his head,
Back where the passions run fierce and blood red.
 Oh! we're back to the Balkans again.

The Montenegrins will fight for fighting's sake—did not Mr. Gladstone say their war annals were the most glorious in Europe?—in the same spirit as did the Crusaders and for a like cause, the triumph of a half-barbaric medieval Christianity over the hated Moslem. It is the old, old battle between the Cross and the Crescent that has begun again in the wild little Land of the Black Mountains; medieval cruel-



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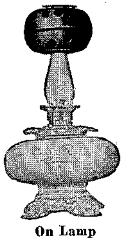

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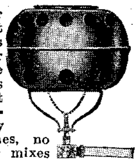

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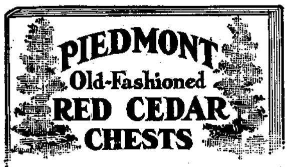

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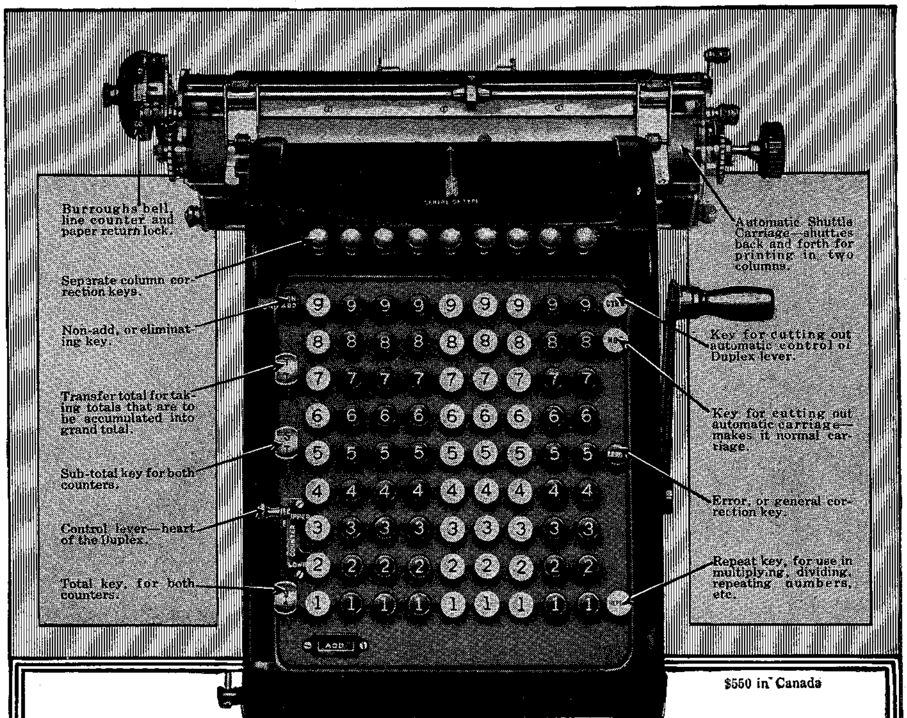
ties will be revived and religious frenzy will be the excuse for atrocities. The Montenegrins will fight to the death against overwhelming odds. It is typical of them that they, smallest among the Balkan peoples, should have dealt the first blow.

WHERE PEOPLE EAT GRASS

THOSE who sneer at the poor immigrants from southern Italy and Sicily and urge that they be barred out of America may be more charitable and more ready to open the gates when they read of the sad conditions of poverty and even semi-starvation that afflict the people there. It is partly to provide a better land for them that Italy is acquiring Tripoli. Food is so scarce with them, we are told, that many of the poorer classes actually have to go out into the fields and eat green things which in this country would be considered none too good for live-stock, and their environment has sunk to such a low ebb that generation after generation grow up with scarcely any sense of morality. Our authority for this is Dr. Booker T. Washington, who recently spent two weeks in southern Europe studying economic and social conditions in the regions thousands of our immigrants come from, and who describes what he saw in a book entitled "The Man Farthest Down." Dr. Washington saw Sicily at a glance, but his glances took in a good deal. That swarms of poor Sicilians should flock to this country every year is not surprizing when we read a few paragraphs from the noted educator's book:

> Outside of these little villages, in which the farm laborers live, the country was perfectly bare. One can ride for miles through this thickly populated country without seeing a house or a building of any kind, outside of the villages.
>
> In Sicily less than 10 per cent. of the farming class live in the open country. This results in an enormous waste of time and energy. The farm laborer has to walk many miles to and from his labor. A large part of the year he spends far away from his home. During this time he camps out in the field in some of the flimsy little straw-thatched shelters that one sees scattered over the country, or perhaps he finds himself a nest in the rocks or a hole in the ground. During this time he lives, so to speak, on the country. If he is a herdsman, he has his cows' or goats' milk to drink. Otherwise his food consists of a piece of black bread and perhaps a bit of soup of green herbs of some kind or other.
>
> I have frequently seen men who had done a hard day's work sit down to a meal which consisted of black bread and a bit of tomato or other raw vegetable. In the more remote regions these peasant people frequently live for days or months, I learned, on almost any sort of green thing they find in the fields, frequently eating it raw, just like the cattle.
>
> When they were asked how it was possi-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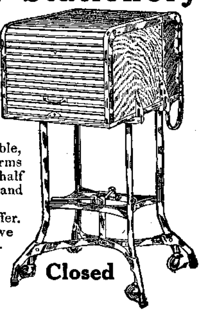

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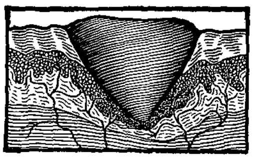


A Knife Never Ends a Corn

Paring a corn takes off just the top layer. Then it grows, and you pare again.

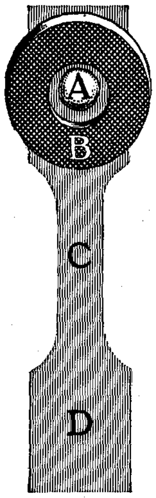
Month after month one goes on puttering with the same old corn. And there is always the risk of infection.

The right way—the scientific way—is to stick on a Blue-jay plaster. From that instant all pain is stopped.

Then the B & B wax in the heart of this plaster gently undermines the corn. In two days the corn comes out.

That finishes that corn. A new corn may come if you pinch the toe, but the old one is ended forever.

Sixty million corns have been ended in that way since Blue-jay was invented.



A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package
Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters.

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc. (253)

CONGRESS GOLD EDGED PLAYING CARDS
AIR-CUSHION FINISH
For Social Play
Artistic Designs
Rich Colors
New Each Year
Club Indexes
50¢ PER PACK

THE OFFICIAL RULES OF CARD GAMES
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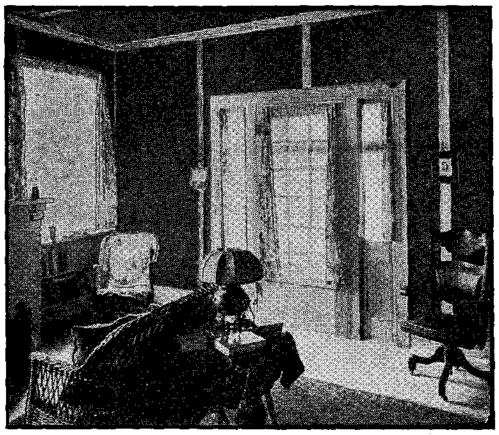
25¢ PER PACK

THE U.S. PLAYING CARD CO. CINCINNATI, U.S.A.



No muss, no bother, no tedious waiting for the plaster to dry, and no cracked walls afterward.

Utility Wall Board

takes the place of both lath and plaster. It is nailed to the studding and is easily and quickly put on. It will not shrink, or warp, or crack; and it will last as long as the house stands.

Makes beautiful walls and ceilings. May be decorated in any way desired. In repair work may be put on over old plaster if desired. It is not expensive. *Send for Free Sample and Illus. Book.*

THE HEPPES COMPANY, 4507 Fillmore St., Chicago, Ill.

ble to eat such stuff, they replied that it was good. "It tasted sweet," they said.

I heard, while I was in Sicily, of the case of a woman who, after her husband had been sent to prison, supported herself from the milk she obtained from a herd of goats, which she pastured on the steep slopes of the mountains. Her earnings amounted to not more than twelve or fourteen cents a day, and, as this was not sufficient for bread for herself and her four children, she picked up during the day all sorts of green stuff that she found growing upon the rocks, and carried it home in her apron at night to fill the hungry mouths that were awaiting her return. Persons who have had an opportunity to carefully study the conditions of this country say it is incredible what sorts of things these poor people in the interior of Sicily will put into their stomachs.

One of the principal articles of diet in certain seasons of the year is the fruit of a cactus called the Indian fig, which grows wild in all parts of the island. One sees it everywhere, either by the roadside, where it is used for hedges, or clinging to the steep cliffs on the mountainside. The fruit, which is about the size and shape of a very large plum, is contained in a thick leathern skin, which is stript off and fed to the cattle. The fruit within is soft and mushy and has a rather sickening, sweetish taste, which, however, is greatly relished by the country people.

One day, in passing through one of the suburbs of Catania, I stopt in front of a little stone and stucco building which I thought at first was a wayside shrine or chapel. But it turned out to be a one-room house. This house had a piece of carpet hung as a curtain in front of the broad doorway. In front of this curtain there was a rude table made of rough boards; on this table was piled a quantity of the Indian figs I have described and some bottles of something or other that looked like what we in America call "pop."

Two very good-looking young women were tending this little shop. I stopt and talked with them and bought some of the cactus fruit. I found it sold five pieces for a cent. They told me that from the sale of this fruit they made about seventeen cents a day, and upon this sum they and their father, who was an invalid, were compelled to support themselves. There were a few goats and chickens and two pigs wandering about the place, and I learned that one of the economies of the household consisted in feeding the pigs and goats upon the shells or husks of the Indian figs that were eaten and thrown upon the ground.

As near as I could learn from all that I heard and read, the condition of the agricultural population in Sicily has been growing steadily worse for half a century at least.

Persons who have made a special study of the physical condition of these people declare that this part of the population shows marked signs of physical and mental deterioration, due, they say, to the lack of sufficient food. For example, in respect to stature and weight the Sicilians are nearly 2 per cent. behind the population in northern Italy. This difference is mainly due to the poor physical condition of the agricultural classes, who, like the agricultural population of the southern mainland of Italy, are smaller than the population in the cities.

One of the most interesting chapters of Dr. Washington's book is devoted to the wine harvest in Sicily. He went in September to Catania, a city which lies at the foot of Mt. Ætna on the edge of the sea, and found the harvest in full swing. The slopes of the mountain were girdled with gardens and vineyards that mount, one terrace after another, until they lose themselves in the clouds. The writer goes on:

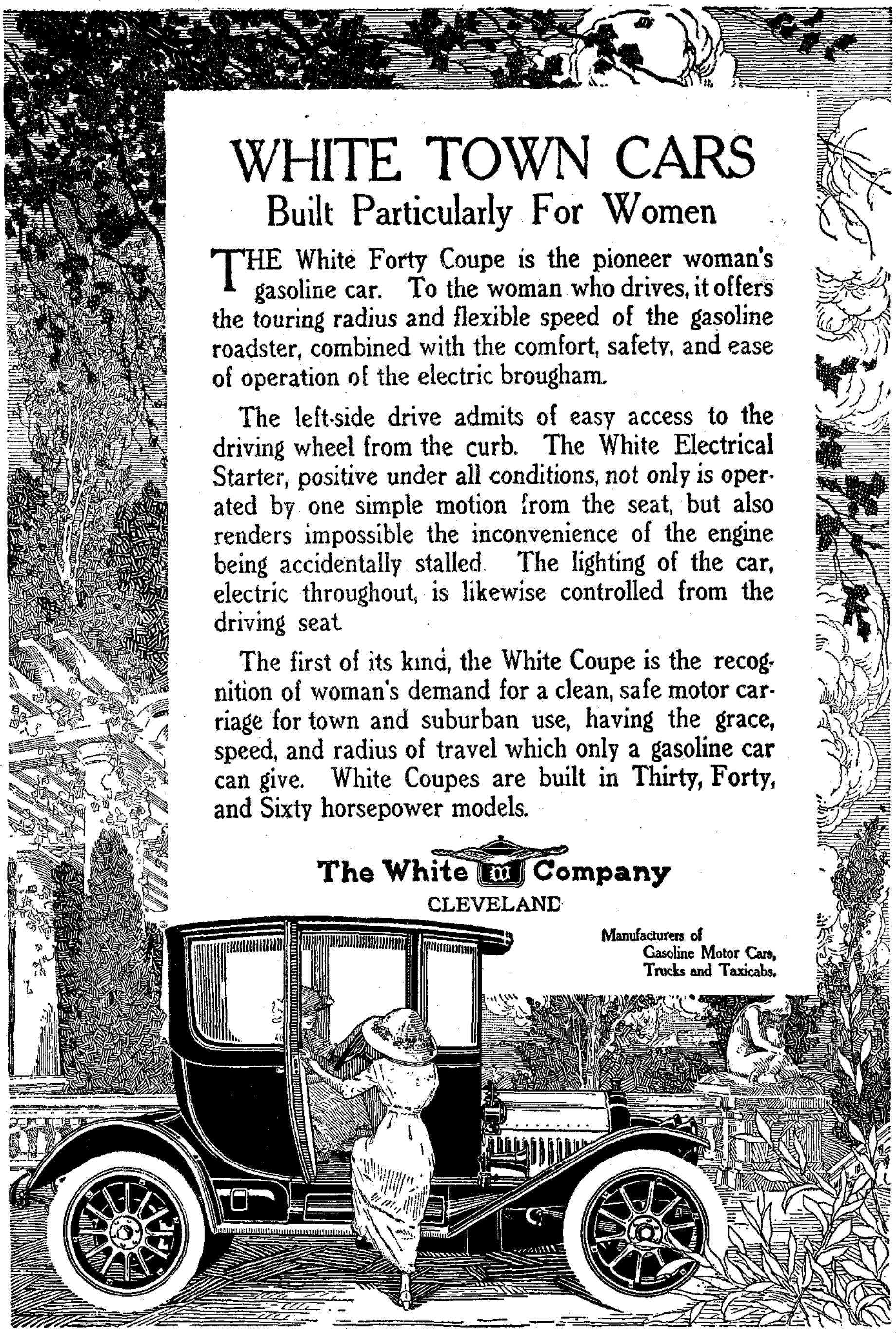
> A large vineyard in the autumn or the time of the grape harvest presents one of the most interesting sights I have ever seen. The grapes in thick, tempting clusters hang so heavy on the low vines that it seems they must fall to the ground of their own weight. Meanwhile, troops of barefooted girls, with deep baskets, rapidly strip the vines of their fruit, piling the clusters in baskets. When all the baskets are full they lift them to their heads or shoulders and, forming in line, march slowly in a sort of festal procession in the direction of the wine-press.
>
> At the plantation which I visited the wine-house was a large, rough building, set deep in the ground, so that one was compelled to descend a few steps to reach the ground floor. The building was divided so that one room contained the huge casks in which the wine was stored in order to get with age that delicate flavor that gives it its quality, while in the other the work of pressing the grapes was carried on. There was at one side of the room a press with a great twisted arm of a tree for a lever, but this was only used, I learned, for squeezing dry the refuse, from which a poorer and cheaper sort of wine was made. Directly in front as one entered the building, and high up under the roof, there was a huge round, shallow tub-like vat. In this vat four or five men, with their trousers rolled up above their knees and their shoes and stockings on, were trotting about in a circle and, singing as they went, tramping the grapes under their feet.
>
> Through an open space or door at the back I caught a glimpse now and then of the procession of girls and men as they mounted the little stairs at the back of the wine-house to pour fresh grapes into the press. In the light that came in through this opening the figures of the men trampling the grapes, their legs stained with wine, stood out clear and distinct. At the same time the fumes which arose from the grapes filled the house so that the air, it almost seemed, was red with their odor. It is said that men who work all day in the wine-press not infrequently become intoxicated from merely breathing the air saturated with this fermenting grape-juice.

Superman.—"He always says the right thing at the right time, doesn't he?"

"More than that, he always keeps still at the right time."—*Houston Post.*

Measured Blows.—"If a man questioned your veracity, what would you do?"

"Well, if he was careful to use words of several syllables, as you suggest, I should be compelled to respond by impugning his character."—*Washington Star.*



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Never spoils a happy smoke by passing up a slug or a mouthful of tar. Press your tobacco into the inner chipped meerschaum bowl and light up. Every puff is bound to be cool, sweet and delicious, with never a bite, to the very bottom.
All moisture and nicotine collects and stays in the outer bowl of tough annealed non-absorbent glass. Easily cleaned. No slugs, no juice, no heal, no strong odor, no bite—just a long, large joy smoke.
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if you will let me put my 1913 RAPID Fireless Cooker in your kitchen and send you my FREE Recipe Book. If I should fail at the end of 30 days—1 month—to cut down your meat and grocery bills, to save your fuel and your work, and to give you better-tasting, more nourishing food than you ever had before—you to be the judge—I will take back my RAPID, pay charges both ways, and you will not lose one penny. Already 100,000 women are cutting down their bills by using my RAPID.

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Write for it today and get my special 30 day offer on the new 1913 RAPID with complete highest grade Aluminum Cooking Outfit. Inside each compartment, also each plunger is lined with pure aluminum. Radiators guaranteed 15 years.

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Recipes

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at very small expense

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On receipt of first installment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and on its receipt we will refund your deposit. This ensures you a free trial. Write today for illustrated catalog, giving prices, terms, etc.

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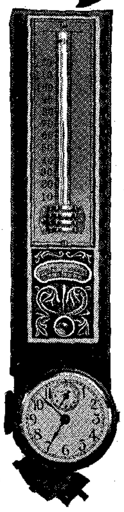
DO NOT trust your own sense as to the right degree of *heat* in the house. How often have you let your house become overheated so you had to open the windows—or let it drop to a sudden chill!

These heating worries with damage to health and pocket can be avoided when you re-enforce your heating plant with

THE JEWELL HEAT CONTROLLER



It is a simple, economical device, easily attached to any furnace or boiler. *More than human* in sensitive feeling—and exact automatic action. It will automatically open or close the drafts on the variation of one degree.

It saves fuel—a lot of it—saves the endless routine of furnace attention, and there's no telling how many colds and doctor's bills it prevents. **With the clock attachment** you can reduce the heat during sleeping hours to increase in the morning when you want it.

Don't *wish* your house warm in the morning—buy a Jewell and *have* it warm.

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

The Better Kind.—There is this in favor of the thoroughbred dog: Its owner is more likely to keep it shut up.—*New York Mail.*

One On Pa.—“ Pa, what's a genius? ”

“ Ask your mother, she married one.”

“ Why, I didn't know ma had been married twice.”—*Houston Post.*

The Sweet Part.—“ How sweet to have a friend whom you can trust ! ”

“ Yes, especially if he doesn't ask you to trust him.”—*Sacred Heart Review.*

Not Enough.—“ What do you think of Fielding? ” she asked young Mr. Ashby.

“ Oh, it's important, of course, but it won't avail anything without good batting.”—*Exchange.*

Wilfred Knew.—“ Wot does it mean? ” asked Penniless Percival, “ where de song says, ‘ Drink to me only wit' your eyes ’? ”

“ It means,” answered Wise Wilfred, “ dat de loidy kin read de wine-list, but dat's as far as it goes.”—*Baltimore American.*

Ouch!—MRS. NEWRICH—“ We're going to live in a better neighborhood hereafter.”

MRS. KEEN—“ Ah ! So are we.”

MRS. NEWRICH—“ Then you are going to move, too? ”

MRS. KEEN—“ No; we're going to stay right here.”—*Boston Transcript.*

His Undoing.—“ I wonder,” said the youthful student, “ how the prodigal son came to go broke? ”

“ I suspect,” replied Farmer Corntossel, “ it was because he spent his time in town hangin' around talkin' about how to uplift the farmer.”—*Washington Star.*

Perilous Place.—“ Did youse git any-t'ing? ” whispered the burglar on guard as his pal emerged from the window.

“ Naw, de bloke wot lives here is a lawyer,” replied the other in disgust.

“ Dat's hard luck,” said the first; “ did youse lose anyt'ing? ”—*Ohio State Journal.*

Sure Sign.—“ It's almost certain that she'll marry that good-for-nothing chap.”

“ Has the engagement been announced?”

“ Not yet. But they'll get married all right.”

“ What makes you think so? ”

“ Her mother and father have both started in to knock him.”—*Detroit Free Press.*

Just a Hint.—Mayor Stewart, at an insurance men's banquet in Saginaw, told an insurance story.

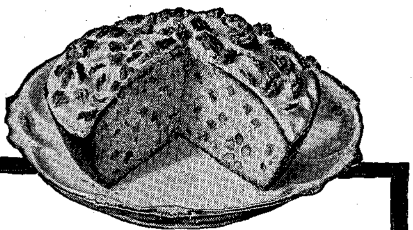
“ A septuagenarian,” he began, “ said one evening at dinner to his fair young wife:

“ ‘ My darling, I have just insured my life in your favor for $100,000.’

“ ‘ Oh, you duck ! ’ the beautiful girl cried, and, rising and passing round the table, she kissed her husband lightly on his bald head.

“ ‘ Darling,’ he said, taking her slim white hand, ‘is there anything else I can do for you? ’

“ ‘ Nothing on earth,’ she answered; and then, with a little silvery laugh, she added, ‘Nothing in this world. Nothing under heaven.’ ”—*New York Tribune.*

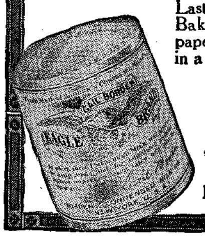


Walnut Cake

Most people like the flavor of nuts, and this cake brings this seasoning out deliciously. It makes an ideal dessert for a well appointed meal. To get best results use

BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK

RECIPE—Cream one scant cup butter, add gradually one and one-half cups sugar, then the beaten yolks of three eggs and flavor to taste. Mix and sift together three cups flour and one teaspoon baking powder. Dilute two tablespoons Borden's Condensed Milk with half a cup of water. Add the milk and flour alternately to the first mixture, a little at a time; then add one cup walnut kernels. Lastly add the beaten whites. Bake in pans lined with greased paper, from forty to fifty minutes, in a moderate oven.



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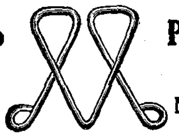

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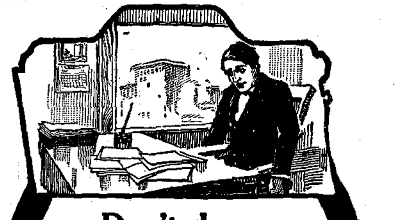

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Here is a practical, efficient
Typewriter $18

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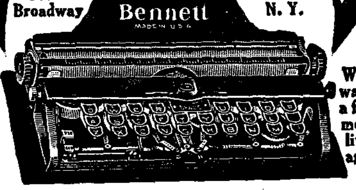

We want a few more live agents

Smash-up.—JACK—"What sent poor Algy to an insane asylum?"

TOM—"A train of thought passed through his brain and wrecked it."—*Boston Transcript.*

Her Time.—"It takes my wife three days to go to a picnic."

"How is that?"

"She takes a day to get ready, a day to go, and a day to get over it."—*Sacred Heart Review.*

Amateur Work.—"This poem was written by a prominent lawyer of this city. Has it any value?"

"About as much value," said the editor, "as a legal opinion written by a poet."—*Washington Herald.*

Near-Wise.—"Why is it that so few people seem anxious to talk to Mr. Carpington? He seems very well informed."

"That's just the difficulty," answered Miss Dimpleton. "He's one of those dreadful men who know enough to correct your mistakes when you quote the classics, and who don't know enough not to do it."—*Washington Star.*

Some Help.—"He's a brute."

"How so?"

"When she promised to be his wife he said he would do everything in his power to make her happy."

"Well?"

"He spends all of his time at the club!"

"Well, if he is really a brute that ought to help some."—*Houston Post.*

Convincing Argument.—Pianos on the instalment principle was his line. You pay one-and-six a week and torture the neighbors.

As he knocked gently at one door, he suddenly remembered he had been here before and received a curt refusal. This time it was different.

"Oh, it's you again, is it?" asked the housewife cordially. "Come in, won't you?"

Full of hope, he entered, and followed her down a dimly lighted hall. She threw open a door, and he walked in, to hear the key click sharply in the lock behind him.

He was locked in a room with five children all howling, who beat even their own records at the sight of a stranger.

And the woman resumed her washing.

An hour later she came to his rescue.

"Now," she said sweetly, "if you still think I need more music in this house I am ready to listen to you."

But he had gone before she had finished.—*New York Mail.*

Rescuing Literature.—Albert B. Kelley, an advertising expert of Philadelphia, sat in the Markham Club turning the seventy or eighty pages—mostly advertising matter—of a weekly.

"Advertising is such an art," he said, "that many people actually buy periodicals as much for the advertisements as for the reading matter."

Mr. Kelley smiled.

"I sat in an editor's office the other day," he continued, "when a poet entered."

"'Glad to see you've accepted that sonnet of mine,' the poet said, feverishly pushing back his long hair. 'I do hope it will be widely read.'

"'It's sure to be,' said the editor. 'It's sure to be. I've placed it next to one of our most striking ads.'"—*New York Tribune.*

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ARCADIA
MIXTURE
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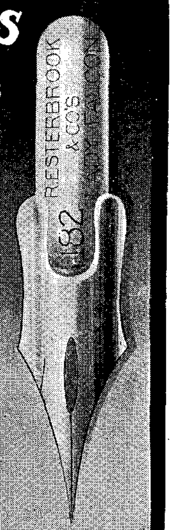
SURBRUG'S
ARCADIA
MIXTURE

Its aromatic delicacy will surprise you. It is the most perfect blend of tobacco you ever put in your pipe—the highest class—it stands all by itself, the KING of mixtures.

A tobacco that your women folks will like to have you smoke at home. You may never have known the luxury of a pipe smoke before.

SEND 10 CENTS and we will send a sample.

THE SURBRUG CO., 204 Broadway, New York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182

EsterbrooK
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272 30c Gold Filled Handy Pin, Bowknot, Pearl
28 $8.50 Solid Gold Brooch, Pearls, Diamond Centre
133 Solid Gold Eastern Star Pin Pearls $3.00
34 Solid Gold Brooch, Whole Pearl $1.50
162 Solid Gold Brooch $2.00
495 40c each, $4.00 Dozen Silver Plated Louis XVI Tea Spoon
259 Gold Filled 20c Handy Pin, Bead Edge Steel Stem
255 Gold Filled Handy Pin, Pearls 30c
317 40c Gold Filled Tie Clip, Bead Edge
242 Gold Filled Waist Pin. Amethyst 50c
74 Solid Gold Handy Pin, Plain 60c
The picture is slightly reduced in size
130 $2.50 Solid Gold Masonic Pin, Pearls
215 25c Gold Filled Brooch
304 85c Gold Filled Locket, Plain Monogram 25c extra
276 Gold Filled Bar Pin, Plain 50c

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287 20c Gold Filled Scarf Pin, Wishbones

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BECAUSE a dollar saved is a dollar earned. Buying direct from the workshop I pay factory prices and factory prices mean a big saving to me.

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BECAUSE they deliver free and guarantee the safe arrival of my order.

BECAUSE it is easy to shop from their catalogue. One list of goods, one remittance, and my shopping is done.

BECAUSE I will receive prompt service, complete satisfaction and big value for my money.

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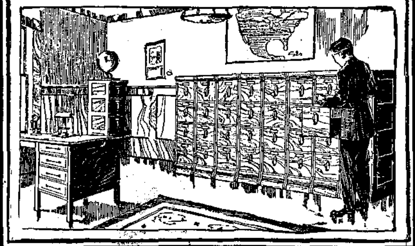

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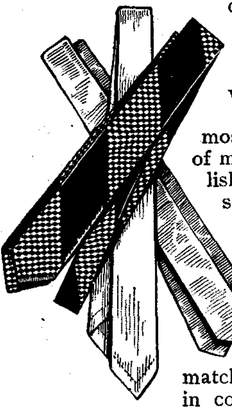

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The sleeper stirred, and turned his head on the pillow.

"Father! father!"

He stirred again, and moaned.

"Father! father!"

He struggled and resisted and floundered, and finally raised his eyelids like a man lifting heavy weights. He saw Katharine smiling divinely beside his couch.

"Father! father!"

"What is it, daughter?"

"Father, are you having a nice nap?"—*Youth's Companion.*

CURRENT EVENTS

Foreign

October 25.—Press dispatches say the Bulgarians have begun to bombard the city of Adrianople.

One person is killed and twenty seriously wounded in a political riot in the streets of Havana.

October 26.—The town of Uskub is reported captured by the Servians.

October 27.—A court martial at Vera Cruz sentences General Felix Diaz, Major Zarate, Colonel Migoni and Lieutenant Lima to be shot for organizing the recent short-lived Mexican rebellion in that city.

October 31.—Cable dispatches say the main Turkish Army of 150,000 men, under the command of Nazim Pasha, Minister of War of the Ottoman Empire, is routed by the Bulgarian Army under General Savoff between Lule Burgas and Serai; the battle is said to have lasted three days.

Domestic

October 25.—Postmaster-General Hitchcock estimates that $281,791,508, an increase of $12,086,909 over the appropriation for the current year, will be required to meet the expenses of the Post-Office Department for the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1913. He thinks about $10,000,000 of the estimated increase will be necessary to defray the expenses of the parcels-post.

October 30.—Vice-President James S. Sherman dies at his home in Utica, N. Y.

The battle-ship *New York* is launched at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

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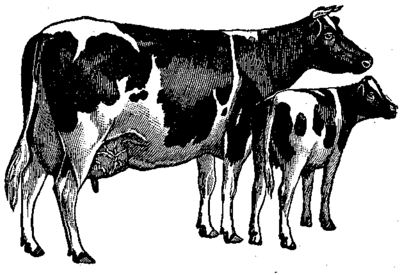
Holstein Milk costs no more than ordinary milk. If your milkman can not supply you, let us know. Send for our free booklet, "The Story of Holstein Milk," and see what the great specialists say about milk for babies.



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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the correct use of words, the Funk & Wagnalls Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"A. M. F.," Paducah, Ky.—"Is the following sentence grammatical? 'One can not have murder in his heart, and be inspired by the radiant beauty of the heavens, at the same time.'"

Your sentence is grammatically correct, but it is rhetorically improved by rearrangement: "One can not, at the same time, have," etc.; or "One can not have murder in his heart, and at the same time be inspired," etc.

"P. C. C.," St. Joseph, Mo.—"Kindly give the pronunciation and meaning of the word 'uhhuh,' if there is such a word."

The context should throw some light upon the meaning of the word. There is no such word recorded in English dictionaries.

"H. R.," New York, N. Y.—See reply to "L. G." for answer to your first question. The term "employee" is applied to both male and female; "employé" is not incorrect, but spelled with an additional "e" is preferred.

"S. L. C.," Koenton, Ala.—"When in conversation, if a remark is not understood, is it correct to use the term 'Sir?' or 'Ma'am?' or should one say, 'I beg pardon, I do not understand'?"

"Sir?" or "ma'am?" does not seem adequate. The usual formula is "I beg (your) pardon"; to which one may add, in explanation, "I did not understand," or any similar statement.

"J. S. S.," Orono, Me.—"Kindly express your preference regarding the following forms: 'a four-year course,' 'a four years course,' and 'a four years' course.' Also give reason for the preference exprest."

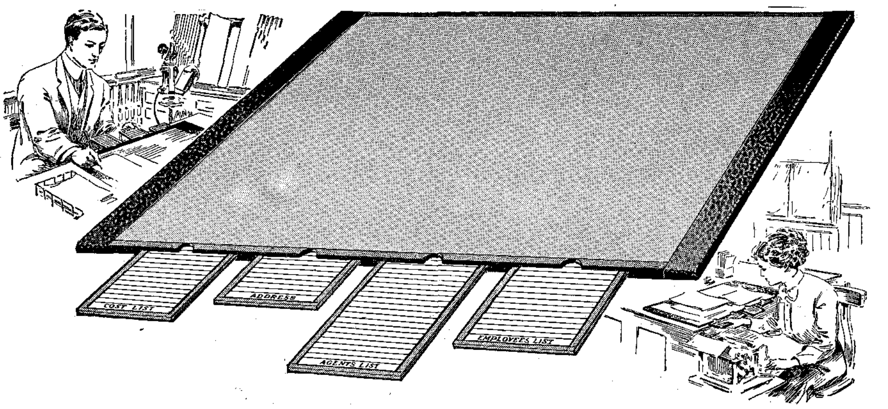
"A four years course" is least satisfactory. It is like "men hats" (for "men's hats"). In "a four-year course" you use a compound adjective, *four-year;* in "a four years' course" you express by the possessive inflection the relation between the noun "years'" and the noun "course." These two forms are correct; which is better is a matter of pleasing the ear.

"R. S.," Hugo, Okla.—"(1) Please state when 'arithmetic,' 'grammar,' etc., should begin with a capital and when with small letters. (2) Is the sentence: 'I had better go' correct? If so, please analyze."

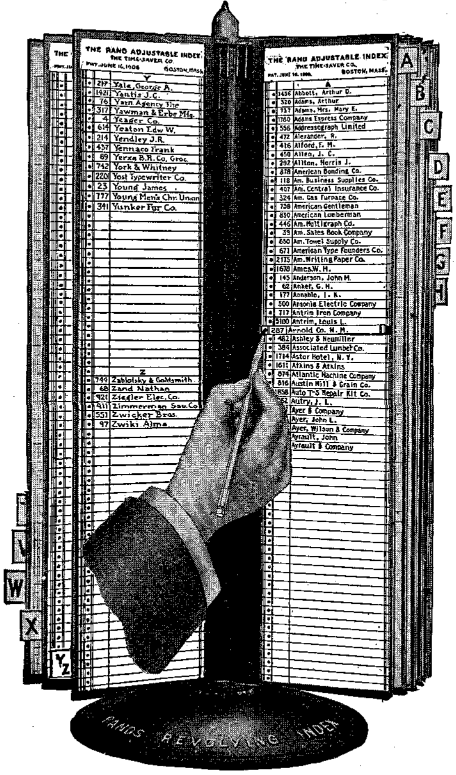
(1) In any ordinary passage, "arithmetic," "grammar," etc., which are common nouns, should not begin with capital letters. In a discussion of school curricula, the words become in a way *titles* of courses, and may be capitalized. (2) "I had better go" is excellent English, in spite of the fact that many insist that we ought to say "would better go." "Had better" is an idiom which has taken form alongside of "had rather." In "I had rather go," *had* is past tense, subjunctive mood, of the verb *have*, in the sense of "hold, take, choose"; *rather* is the comparative degree of *rathe* (*early, soon;* recall Milton's "Bring the *rathe primrose*," that is, "the early primrose"), and so means *sooner*. The whole sentence means, "I *should take* (or *choose*) to go *sooner* [than I should choose not to go]." "Had rather" is thus of very long standing, and can not be parsed except by references to its original force; it is now *an idiom*. "Had better" is a similar idiom formed on the model of "had rather."

"E. H. S.," Grand Rapids, Mich.—"Please give the construction of 'than' and also of the nouns following in the sentences: 'I did it in less *than* an *hour*,' 'He walked more *than* a *mile*.'"

After an adjective or adverb in the comparative degree there follows the conjunction "than," which introduces a condensed clause. The clause is adverbial, and modifies the comparative adjective or adverb, being joined to it by the conjunction "than." "He is taller *than I* (*am*)"; "I like you better *than* (*I like*) *him*"; "I did it in less (time) *than an hour* (*is*)"; "He walked more [*i.e.*, a distance longer] *than a mile* (*is*)." In the last two sentences "hour" and "mile" are subjects in their respective clauses.



Really at Your Fingers' Ends Yet Entirely Out of the Way



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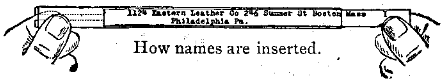
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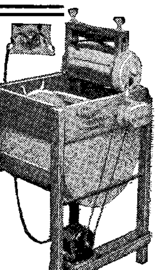

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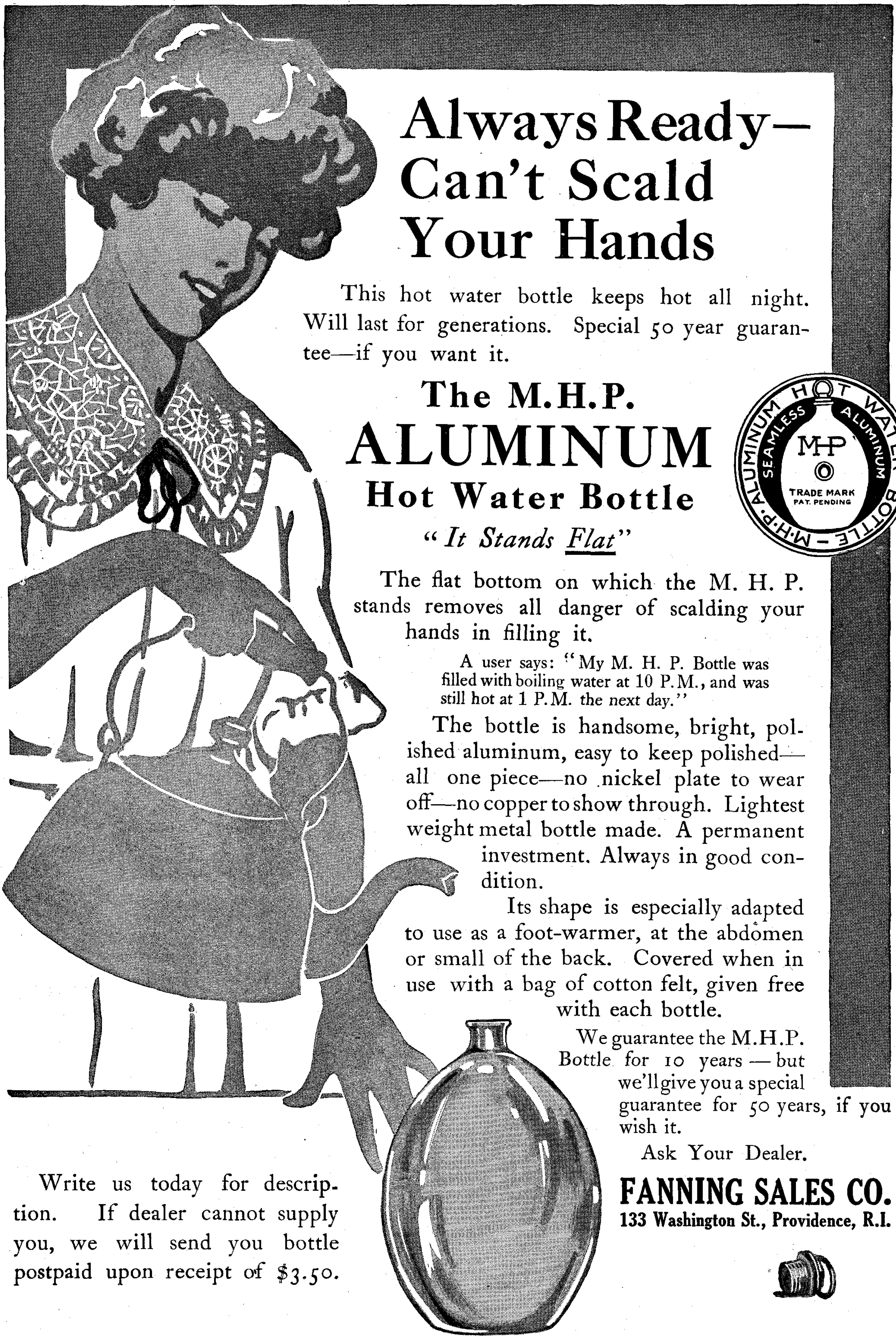

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